

# THE SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

## The Enemy of Christmas

*By* G. K. CHESTERTON

## Carol of the Magi

*By* JOHN BUNKER

## Moriarty's Christ Child

*By* ENID DINNIS

## The Passing of Shan

*By* M. WINIFRED HEENAN

## The Science of Man

*By* HILAIRE BELLOC

## The Scarlet Figure of History

*By* DANIEL B. PULSFORD

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Vol. 10 No. 5

DECEMBER, 1930

Price 20¢

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# Personal to Our Friends

I LIKE to think, and with good reason, that subscribers to THE SIGN are not just business customers—buying the literature we sell them—but that they are our personal friends, who are interested in THE SIGN not only as an organ of Catholic truth but also as the chief means of forwarding the crusade being carried on by our missionary priests and Sisters for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ in China. I, therefore, most cordially extend to our subscribers in my own name and more particularly in the names of our foreign missionaries warmest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

It is quite some time since I mentioned our missions on this page, not because our missionaries do not need the continued help of prayer and money but largely because I do not wish to appear to be insistent in appealing for funds. This December 24, marks the ninth anniversary of the departure of our first American Passionists for Hunan, China. In the past nine years we have sent to Hunan thirty-eight Passionist priests and one lay-brother, five Sisters of Charity and twelve Sisters of Saint Joseph. With the help of God we shall continue to send more priests and more Sisters as financial means and religious vocations increase.

Our mission in Hunan is universally regarded as the hardest of all missions in that country. It has suffered from persecution, unusual hardships and many heart-rending discouragements. But these very things we take to be a pronounced evidence that the work there is God's own work since it has been so evidently marked with the strong marks of Christ's Passion. With God's help the mission will and must succeed.

May I address our subscribers as though I were speaking to each one individually and directly:

1. If you give *nothing* to the missions you are practically asking for the recall of our missionaries from China.
2. If you give *less* than you have been giving you are favoring a reduction in our missionary efforts in proportion to your reduced contributions.
3. If you give just the *same* amount as you have been giving you are not helping our mission work to make progress.
4. If you give *more* than you have been giving you are voting in favor of greater progress and doing something to effect that progress.

I am well aware that times are hard and that many former supporters of our mission work find it impossible to continue to help. They may rest assured that not only are the missionaries grateful for what they have done but that they will pray the more earnestly for God to help these friends of theirs. At the same time may I ask that those who have means will be the more generous in their contributions to supply for what others cannot give.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.



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## Current Fact and Comment

### *Are Protestants Catholics?*

ONE cannot forbear a smile—a smile without rancor—over the tempest evoked by the pronouncement on Orders issued by Dr. Manning, the Episcopal Bishop of New York on October 28. The question being the somewhat stale one of the nature of ordination, we are inclined to wonder what more is to be said on the matter, or why the anger at Dr. Manning. As far as the point at issue is concerned Dr. Manning's stand seems quite unassailable, at least by those who assail him and from the standpoint of the Episcopal Church, save in his distinction between the Episcopal Church and the "Protestant Churches." That a party of Episcopalians prefer to consider themselves Catholic rather than Protestant cannot alter the fact that the official designation of their sect is *Protestant Episcopal*.

However, this is not the trouble. It was Dr. Manning's differentiation between the nature of the Episcopal ministry and that of the other Protestant bodies that raised the storm. He believes that the validity of Episcopal orders depends on a mystical power conferred by the laying on of hands. Immediately the Protestant Episcopal Church League issued a statement taking Dr. Manning to task for his "amazing lack of scholarship." The *New York World*, in an effort to register the opinion of other Episcopal authorities, addressed an inquiry to the bishops of this communion in all parts of the country. The replies were various, some declining to comment at the moment, some non-committal, some in opposition, but the majority in support of the New York bishop.

Now let us get this matter clearly stated. What is the point of the quarrel over what seems a perfectly plain issue? It is a question of divided loyalties. The Protestants in this country and abroad are striving very hard for something that they call "Christian unity." In order to effect this desired result there are many Protestants who are quite willing in a spirit of give and take to compromise on the accepted doctrines of their respective churches. It is to "Christian unity" rather than to their articles of faith that these men address their first loyalty. Just what is their attitude towards their divergent tenets it is difficult to see. These gentlemen seem inclined to the "use of theological terms to which they attach no doctrinal significance." But Dr. Manning evidently does attach doctrinal significance to his theological terms and cannot but direct his first loyalty to the church of which he is one of the responsible authorities.

Alas and alack for "Christian unity!" It appears to be but another attempt to mix oil and water and each new attempt not only fails to bring unity nearer, but serves to accentuate differences within the bodies of individual sects.

But this quarrel in the Protestant ranks does serve to effect one good purpose. It brings into clearer evidence the position of the Catholic Church. The sincerity of Dr. Manning's belief in the validity of Episcopal Orders is unquestioned, but this does not make them valid. Some years ago the Catholic Church appointed a commission to pass on the question of this validity and its judgment was in the negative. The judgment was not based on unwillingness to allow the validity of Orders in a body not under the jurisdiction of Rome—the Church allows the validity of Orders in the schismatic Greek Church—but on a simple matter of fact. It is of the essence of the Sacrament of Holy Orders that there must be full intention and acceptance of its purpose and power on the part of those concerned in order that it shall be operative.

In other words, the bishop ordaining must have the intention of conferring, and the one being ordained must have the intention of receiving, the priestly office. The commission appointed by the Church, after it had examined all the evidence, concluded that at the time of the "Reformation" the intention to ordain priests in the true sense of the word was lacking. Hence, though there may have been an unbroken chain of laying on of hands, there was no sacrament and the validity of Orders lapsed. It would seem, then, that, for all his sincerity, Dr. Manning is seeking at much pains to preserve life in what is already dead. While we may respect his devotion, we must smile at his credulity.

### *The Klan Played Out*

WITH the political death of J. Thomas Heflin, whose recent campaign pumped some artificial life to the order, the Ku Klux Klan, with its various associations, is just played out. "A copyrighted article in the *Washington Post* tells us how complete has been the débâcle. It is apparent that the Klan is dead in forty-seven States. The *Post's* figures, which are taken from an "authoritative source," inform us that at the very peak of its prosperity in 1925 the Klan had the enormous enrollment of 8,904,871 members. In the present year it has 34,694. In New York, which was far from being the most Klan-ridden State, there were 300,429 Kluxers,

in 1925. Today there are only 2,760. The decline has been both continuous and progressive.

But it surely was one glorious racket. We are informed the ordinary members of the Klan and the members of the Knights Kamelia and the Knights of the Great Forest contributed no less than \$890,000,000 in the comparatively short space of five years. No intelligent person, of course, took the Klan seriously; but in certain sections of the country, particularly where the Simmonses, the Cannons and the Tom Toms held sway, it created almost unbelievable prejudice and bigotry. Now it is dead. That's certain. But it is equally certain that it is not the last organization of its kind to blotch the history of our country. As long as there are millions of ignorant and credulous persons in America, there will not be lacking pious and patriotic scoundrels to relieve them of their hard earned money. The parade of nine million deluded people dressed in sheets and pillow cases has passed. What next?

## The Jacobites Return

CHRISTIAN India is stirred by the news of the reception into the Catholic Church on September 20 of Mar Ivanios, Syrian Jacobite Archbishop of Bethany, Malabar, along with Mar Theophilus, Jacobite Bishop of Tiruvella, Malabar. The majority of the Bethany monks, an order founded by Mar Ivanios, the entire community of Bethany nuns founded by the same Archbishop, and several Jacobite priests and laymen have also been received into the Church, following their leader. The Vicar-General of Bethany had been received some months ago.

Mar Ivanios, the most learned of all Jacobite bishops of Malabar, is an M.A. of Madras University and is very proficient in both Syriac and Malayalam. After graduating from the university, he took up work as headmaster of the M.D. Seminary, leading Jacobite educational institution. He accepted an offer of a professorship at the Anglican Divinity College of Serampore, Calcutta, and utilized the \$3,000 annual salary for the education of the Syrian Jacobite students who flocked to that college in large numbers from Malabar. It was amongst a following of these students that a community life was started, sowing the seeds for the founding of the Bethany Monks when he resigned his position as professor. In order to give proper education to Jacobite girls on convent lines, he realized the need of a community of Jacobite Sisters. While at Serampore he brought some girls from Malabar to Calcutta and placed them for training in a convent of Anglican High Church Sisters. These were in due course taken to Malabar and formed the nucleus of the well-known Bethany Sisters, who conduct schools, orphanages and a press.

Following his consecration as Archbishop and his long correspondence with the late Catholic Syrian Patriarch of Antioch on the question of the Jacobites' acceptance of the Primacy of Rome if their rite were allowed to be kept, Mar Ivanios undertook direct correspondence with Rome. Rome studied the question in all its bearings and finally consented to grant this people their Rite, making only a single change in their Missal. In the course of his reply to several questions put by Rome, Mar Ivanios showed that the Jacobite Church in Malabar is only a schismatical and not an heretical church.

All was arranged, and yet Mar Ivanios did not know how to make the final step. "Finally, one day at Mass," he said, "I received the inspiration to leave all and follow the Master." After Mass he called his monks and explained that after careful study he had found that Rome was the True Church and that he had decided to join it immediately. With these words he left his beloved monastery and was at once followed by most of his monks. They came to a place known as Venniculam, where a Nair Hindu gentleman generously gave them land and money. Mar Ivanios then went to Tirubella and acquainted the Sisters with his decision, and they too were ready to follow. All preliminaries having been arranged, he and Mar Theophilus were received into the Church in the presence of the Bishop of Quilon.

It is yet too early to take stock of the results. The harvest is only beginning to be gathered. Mar Ivanios declared: "I am grateful that God chose me to rectify the mistake of our forefathers in leaving Rome some three hundred years ago."

## Simon Bolivar: 1830-1930

THE seventeenth of December is the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Simon Bolivar, the South American patriot, called the Liberator. He was born in Caracas on July 25, 1773 of a noble and wealthy family. In 1809, after an extended tour of Europe, he returned home by way of the United States, where he became an enthusiastic admirer of our republican institutions and determined to free his country from foreign domination. On August 4, 1813, he entered Caracas in triumph and was hailed as the Liberator of Venezuela with dictatorial powers in civil and military matters. In December, 1816, he convoked a congress, instituted a government and proclaimed the abolition of slavery. In 1819 New Granada united with Venezuela as the Republic of Colombia, of which he became the first President. Summoned to the help of the Peruvians, he was named Dictator of Peru in February, 1824. Following his resignation of the dictatorship, the southern part of Peru was set up as a separate State and named Bolivia in his honor. Of the new State he was chosen President for life. He died at San Pedro, December 17, 1830. The war of liberation compelled him to play the rôle of dictator, but there is no question about his devotion to liberty. He has been commonly described as the Washington of South America. An intensely loyal Catholic, he left the impress of his religious convictions on much of the constitutional legislation of various South American republics.

## A Scientist Speaks

WHEN face to face with the deeper mysteries of life and nature the attitude of the true scientist is one of religious reverence, in striking contrast with the blatant cocksureness of the dabbler in science. A recent illustration of this is the statement made by Dr. W. R. Whitney, Director of Research of the General Electric Company of Schenectady, N. Y. With the "modesty of great wisdom," Dr. Whitney says:

"We move from one theory to the next, and always there is something that does not fit in with the other evidence. Take the atom. Yesterday it was whirling

particles, infinitesimal solar systems. But that is outmoded now, and today the atom is described as a wave in space. Tomorrow it will be something different. The theory of relativity is not final. It won't stand fixed. No scientific concept can stand still. All is in motion. The will of God, the law which we discover but cannot understand or explain—that alone is final."

It has been well said that our best theories are nothing more than "educated guesses." When Dr. Whitney refers to the "Will of God," he not only gives us an explanation that is as good as any other, but a most rational explanation. However mysterious the phenomena of life and nature may be, behind them all is evident law; and the existence of law clearly and definitely indicates the presence of a lawgiver—a personality and a will.

### *The Church as Savior*

**W**HEN he surveys the European situation as a whole and notices the number of elements involved and the intricacies of the cross currents, the average American is more disposed than ever to shrug his shoulders and, with some mutterings about "stewing in their own juice," turn to his farm, his forge or his counter and forget about it all. Unfortunately, however comforting this getting back to familiar things may be, it will not suffice for us. The fly caught in the spider's web might just as well talk about having nothing to do with foreign entanglements as we. World problems are our problems, thrust upon us whether we like it or not and it is necessity just as much as duty that demands we should get down to brass tacks and help the world extricate itself from the huge post-war muddle.

Neither is it any more to the point to condemn our neighbors across the seas—France, Germany, Italy, Spain, the British Empire—nor to assume a bumptious or superior attitude towards them and attempt to "show 'em" how to do the whole thing. What is needful is to identify the spider and then, perhaps, we can do something about it. And the spider is nothing more than human selfishness and mutual mistrust. Unfortunately, he is a very intelligent spider and is quite capable of employing all the latest scientific inventions and devices for his purposes. The railway and the motor car, the telephone and radio are instruments that science has given us to our advancement but also to our peril. They may be used to make all the peoples of the world brothers and, with God's blessing, they shall yet be thus used, but when the spider begins to turn them to the strengthening of his web—well, it is time to look out. The late war showed all too well their efficacy as agencies of monstrous evil.

As we look at the situation it seems discouraging. France and Italy mutually distrustful; Germany feeling something of a grudge against everyone in spite of her growing friendship for France; the Balkan States on edge about Italy; Poland fearful of both her neighbors; greater and greater concentration of wealth marching hand in hand with general business depression and unemployment; discussions of higher tariff walls by everyone against everyone else; and, standing aloof with a wholly alien philosophy of life, the Russian Soviets gloating over their neighbors' troubles and raising the threat of militant communism against the entire world.

It looks discouraging, but it is not hopeless. The web

of the spider spreads over all the earth, its strands seem even to include another power which have almost forgotten amid the pressing problems of the world. We have not lost wholly our faith in Christian principles and these can yet save us. Organized as the Church, they have solved problems not less difficult. The Church is the one power that can break for us the strangling strands of the web and She is ready to do so if we will trust Her and submit our spiritual guidance to Her hands. The world today is a hard world to handle but is it more difficult than the world of barbarian hordes triumphant with the downfall of Rome? It does not seem likely.

### *Heroic Liu-chin-chu*

**A**RAY of light, in the midst of much gloom, is shed on the possibilities of missionary work in China by the unwavering fidelity of a convert.

Liu-chin-chu, a young married Chinese woman of the parish of Mat' Oan, Ankoo, was converted to the Catholic Church seven years ago. These seven years of Catholic life have been for the poor girl one continuous torment. Though her husband was not opposed to her conversion, his parents were. He and his wife lived with their parents according to the Chinese custom which brings all generations under the same roof. The father or grandfather is absolute master, having more authority over a daughter-in-law than the husband himself has.

Liu-chin-chu for seven years has been apparently unaffected by the continued and varied methods of opposition and persecution, a fact which exasperates still more the irate parents of her husband. Recently they lost all control of their anger and threw the girl out of the house. She rented a little room in another section of the village, but her father-in-law soon upbraided the proprietor of the lodging and had her turned out anew. She then made the rounds of sympathetic relations, staying one or two nights at each house.

The pastor of the church, hearing of her plight, engaged her as a catechism teacher and sent her to a neighboring town. The parents-in-law, enraged to find her snatched from their persecution and especially to find her openly practising the Catholic religion, sent her husband to fetch her back, promising that all was forgiven and if she returned to the house she could henceforth live in peace. The girl resigned the post and, with great expectations, returned to the husband's home.

Upon her arrival she was immediately imprisoned in a tiny room and will remain there, declare the parents, until she renounces the Catholic faith. The distraught husband, seeing to what he brought her back, begged his parents for her release, but in vain. The girl cannot move, and, if kept in such quarters for any length of time, will soon be dead.

Liu-chin-chu is not weeping, nor gnashing her teeth. She is not even perturbed. Serenely peaceful, she recently refused a well intentioned and perfectly planned opportunity to escape, and calmly told the woman who had arranged it, "Thank you so much, but, really, I would rather die here at their hands than run away. Because, if I flee, they will think me disobedient, and then there will be no hope of converting them. You see I am offering up my suffering for their conversion, and while there is still one breath of life they cannot stop me from using it to pray that they too may one day have the gift of the Catholic Faith."



# CATEGORICA: *On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation*

Edited by N. M. LAW

## WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

UNDER the above title, Sarah Palmer Colmore contributes these verse to *The Living Church*:

### *The Woman*

I think that the years He spent with Her,  
His Blessed Mother, at Nazareth,  
His loving care when He sent with Her  
The beloved John, in the hour of death,  
I think these things alone would keep,  
My faith in The Christ both strong and deep.

### *The Man*

As a man, He plied His father's trade  
And fashioned the yokes or the wheels, mayhap—  
Of biting scorn He was unafraid,  
Yet gently He took a child on His lap!  
A man such as He, both tender and strong,  
Commands my love, I cannot be wrong.

### *The Girl*

His Mother was just a village maid,  
A fair sweet girl with wondering eyes,  
All Jewish girls for this had prayed.  
She guided His steps all mother wise,  
He claims all maids for that maid's sake,  
To Him and to Her my vows I make.

### *The Boy*

Just twelve years old and He went alone,  
Back to the Temple. Why shouldn't He go?  
As any boy would—They might have known—  
His Father's business He *had* to know!  
He knows the things a boy can do,  
He called that lad with his fishes two!

### *All*

Mother and Maid and Father and Son,  
Everyman's Family ever are we,  
What think we? We know, till our life is done,  
It is only the Christ who can make us free  
Of the World's dull burden of care and fear.  
The future is His, for He holds all dear.

## IN THE NAME OF EDUCATION

THIS "Fable of the Man Who While Climbing the Tree of Education Became Lost in the Higher Branches and Was Forced to Descend" was written by the late Charles A. Bennett and published in *The Saturday Review of Literature*:

Once upon a time there was a man who set out to understand Human Nature. So he went to an Institution where the Higher Learning was in Full Blast and told them of his intention.

"Just look at that!" they said proudly, handing him an Enormous Volume in which were enumerated all the Subjects of Study.

He had not gone far in his perusal when his eye fell on the word Anthropology.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "'Anthropology'—that means Man. This is the Place for me." So he plunged in hopefully.

He learned that among the Belindas of Uganda the warriors are forbidden to Disembowel their Enemies during the time of the Full Moon. When asked to explain this custom

they invariably reply, *root ti ti toot* ("It is not good form"). This, he was assured, threw a Flood of Light on Morality. The Obese Indians regard flatulence as a Mark of Inspiration. Those who exhibit unusual Capacity in this kind are highly esteemed among them and are set apart to become Medicine Men. This, he gathered, shed a positively Blinding Glare on the nature of Religion. Along with much other interesting information he learned that the So-Sos, a tribe of Australian Blackfellows, pierce the ears, nose, and lips with splinters of wood in order to accentuate their beauty; that the Thuds, cave-dwelling pygmies of Java, hold the bat to be sacred; while to the Klick-Klacks of Korea, on the other hand, it is evident that a god has chosen to incarnate himself in the Bung tree. At times of religious excitement they make themselves drunk on the sap of the sacred tree and commit Nameless Excesses.

From all this our student was asked to conclude that civilized man was little better than a Primitive Savage.

Continuing his research in the list of subjects, he came, not without fatigue, to Psychology.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "'Psychology'—that means soul. Now we are getting to Business."

He began with White Rats. He subjected them to a number of tests, the conditions of which were quite remote from the ordinary experience of rats. When they became bored with the Absurd Performance and refused to play any longer they were "stimulated" to renewed activity. After an exhaustive series of experiments he emerged from the laboratory with the following results: first, rats can be taught to go to dinner when the dinner bell rings. Second, rats when stimulated by electricity show signs of displeasure. Third, rats when starved exhibit symptoms of hunger. All of which proved either that rats are very like human beings or that human beings are very like rats. His instructors preferred the Latter Version.

He was then promoted to Abnormal Psychology. He was introduced to the case histories of a large number of Hysterical Females. The data were only a little less unsavory than the interpretation given to them by the Authorities. He went on to the comparatively clear and bracing airs of Insanity. He was given the privilege of visiting asylums where he could study the human mind in all stages of disintegration. The impression left upon him by this investigation was that we are all more or less "dissociated," and that every human being harbors in his Unconscious a demon crafty and obscene.

He sat down at his desk and added together what he had learned in his various courses. This is what it came to: Man is a rat-like savage suffering from demoniacal possession.

He put his head between his hands and groaned.

"We are not amused," he said.

The next morning he strode into the Dean's office and confronted the Dean.

"I'm going back home," he said; "but before I go I want my money back. This place is a Fraud. I came here to learn about. . . ."

The Dean heard him through to the end. Then he pressed a button at the edge of his desk.

"Miss Barton," he said, "Tell Professor Rinderpest that I can see him now."

As our student passed the open window of the office, he overheard the following fragment of conversation.

"Who was that angry looking youth that just went out?"

"Oh, just another freak. Said he had come here to study



human nature, and, as he did not get what he wanted, demanded his money back. If *that's* what he wants to learn about he should sit at this desk of mine for a week."

*Moral:* Human nature begins at home.

### A LITANY OF LABOR

**I**N these hard times this Litany of Labor from *The Grey Book* (Oxford University Press) is quite appropriate:

Lord, have mercy upon us. *Christ, have mercy upon us.*

Lord have mercy upon us, O God the Father of all, *Have mercy upon us.*

O God the Son, Redeemer of the World, *Have mercy upon us.*

O God the Holy Spirit, dwelling in men, *Have mercy upon us.*

O Holy Trinity, one God, *Have mercy upon us.*

From the love of money, from dishonesty in business, from forgetfulness of our duty, from malice and anger against opponents, *Good Lord, deliver us.*

From contempt for others, *Good Lord, deliver us.*

From offence against Thy little ones, from oppression of the poor, from the acceptance of worldly standards, from hardness, narrowness, and distrust, from want of faith in the accomplishment of Thy will, *Good Lord, deliver us.*

From all pride, from all lust, from all anger, from all envy, from all sloth, *Good Lord, deliver us.*

By the taking of our flesh, by Thy humble birth, by Thy hard life, by Thy bitter death, by Thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension, *Dear Lord, deliver us.*

Be merciful unto us. *Hear us, Lord Jesus.*

By Thy recovering of sight to the blind, *Remove from us all prejudice.*

By Thy teaching on the Mount, *teach us to hunger and thirst after righteousness.*

By Thy miracle at Cana, *Increase among us the joy of life.*

By Thy parables about riches, *Help us to distribute.*

By thy words to the Pharisees, *Give us courage to rebuke the wrong in high places.*

By Thy washing the Disciples' feet, *Teach us to serve others.*

By Thy prayer on the Cross, *Teach us to love our enemies.*

By Thy Cross and Passion, *Help us to suffer for the truth's sake.*

By the prayer Thou has given us, *Help us to live more nearly as we pray.*

By Thy life and teaching, *Make us to love God before all things, and our neighbor as ourself.*

We beseech Thee, O Lord, mighty and ever wise, that Thou wilt guide, protect, and inspire all those who learn and labor truly to get their own living.

For men who face peril, *We beseech Thee.*

For women who suffer pain, *We beseech Thee.*

For those who till the earth, and for those who tend machinery, *We beseech Thee.*

For those who strive on the deep waters, and for those who venture into far countries, *We beseech Thee.*

For those who work in offices, and warehouses, and for those who labor at furnaces and in factories, *We beseech Thee.*

For those who toil in mines, and for those who buy and sell, *We beseech Thee.*

For those who keep house, and for those who train children, *We beseech Thee.*

For all who live by strength of arm and by cunning of hand, *We beseech Thee.*

For all who control, direct, or employ, *We beseech Thee.*

For all who enrich the common life through art, science, and learning, *We beseech Thee.*

For all who guide the common thought, as writers or teachers, *We beseech Thee.*

For all who may serve the common good as pastors, phy-

sicians, soldiers, lawyers, merchants, and for all social workers, leaders, and statesmen, *We beseech Thee.*

For all those who are poor, and broken, and oppressed; for all whose labor is without hope; for all whose labor is without honor; for all whose labor is without interest; for those who have too little leisure; for those who are underpaid; for those who oppress their employees through love of money; for all women workers; for those who work in dangerous trades; for those who cannot find work; for those who will not work; for those who have no home; for prisoners and outcasts; for the victims of lust; for all who are sick and hungry; for all who are intemperate, luxurious, and cruel; *Dear Lord, we pray Thee.*

O Christ, Thou lover of men's lives, Who wast the friend of simple people, and didst live and teach in the homes of working men, reveal Thyself in power to the toiling multitudes around us, who need Thee; give them the spirit of hope, charity, freedom, simplicity and gladness, that in Thee they may find the life that is life indeed, O Thou Who only canst, our Savior and our Lord. *Amen.*

### PENCE BUT NOT FOR PETER

**F**ROM *The Universe* of London we learn of a new imitation of us deluded Papists. Fra Juniper writes:

In connection with the recent correspondence concerning the difficulty nowadays of distinguishing a Catholic church from a High Anglican one, the writer recently came across a curious example of the way our Anglican brethren imitate us. He had occasion to visit the magnificent pre-Reformation church at Blythburgh, near Southwold. There he saw a notice exhibited in a prominent position to the effect that while the vicar and churchwardens did not absolutely forbid the giving of gratuities to the caretaker, this practice was quite contrary to their desires, and moreover, unnecessary, seeing that the said caretaker received five per cent. of the offerings placed in the Peter's Pence Box! And in case the unwary should think that His Holiness received the remainder, the notice went on to say that the other ninety-five per cent. was expended in the upkeep of the fabric.

It is, of course, an excellent thing that the Anglican vicar and churchwardens should have a collecting box for the expenses of the fabric, and also there is no reason why the caretaker should not derive some benefit therefrom. But why label the box "Peter's Pence"? Is this not rather misleading, in view of the fact that Peter certainly gets none of the pence in question?

### REQUIESCANT IN PACE

**H**ow three humans went into Eternity is the terrifying story told in a "special" to the *New York Telegram*.

The riot that overcrowding, inadequate facilities and unhealthful conditions are said to have caused at Auburn Prison last December had been avenged today. The State has executed three men for it.

Jesse Thomas, a boy who was serving life, was the first to die. Just before the execution he sent a message to a friend: "I hate all my relatives."

Then the guards took him by the arms.

"I can walk through and die like a man," he said, and did. He faced the witnesses as he sat in the chair.

"See you in hell!" he cried. "Let's go!"

William Force, 30, an ironworker, was next. He seemed surprised when the guards held his arm.

"I'm all right," he said.

Executioner Robert Elliott looked at the straps.

"What are you so nervous about?" Force asked him. "I'm in no hurry."

Morris Udwine, 29, Detroit salesman, was third. Like his two comrades convicted with him of killing Henry Sulli-

van, leader of the mutiny, Udwine refused to pray. He was calmest of all.

"Well, well, well," he forced out in almost genuine jocularity. "The good part about this thing is that you don't have to walk out."

Just before the executioner threw the switch he shouted at him:

"I hope, you —, you earn your \$150."

#### FROM THE CHINESE

**M**ORE of Christopher Morley's translations from the Chinese as found in *The Saturday Review of Literature*:

#### NASAL ATTRITION

P'ur Fish, the Manchu scholiast,  
Having attained a momentary prosperous tranquillity  
What did he do with it?  
He went out hunting more grindstones  
To rub his nose against.

#### JOLLYING ROGER

I found the President of the Prune Exchange Bank  
Strolling about and smoking a pipe  
In the lobby of his building.  
At first I thought this was some new device  
To prevent me from cashing a check  
But he greeted me kindly  
And seemed quite cheerful.  
So collections can't be as slow  
As the boblshers pretend  
Or else Roger Babson  
Is feeling mellow.

#### ASSESSMENT

A firm intention to write something worth while  
Is not enough,  
But there is no harm  
In having such an intention.  
The question is, whose while?  
And how much is your while worth?

#### PREACHER TAKES A PLEDGE

**A**N Associated Press dispatch from Atlanta, Ga., gives this illustration of Methodist asceticism:

The Rev. H. L. Gurley of Brookton, Ga., who quit tobacco yesterday to be admitted to the North Georgia Methodist Conference, today became an ordained deacon.

The Rev. Mr. Gurley was one of ten men applying at yesterday's session of the conference for admission into full connection. The examining committee reported that he was using tobacco on advice of his physician.

President Bishop John M. Moore, citing a Church statute adopted in 1914, said the minister could not be taken in unless he took a no-tobacco pledge. He had until yesterday to make the decision. When his name was called he arose and took the pledge.

#### A UNIQUE PASSPORT

**A**N interesting reminiscence of the Comte de Maille was recently published by *La Croix*:

The Count received a letter which he showed to a number of his friends. "You will recall," it read, "the little lieutenant who, one evening in 1870, slept near you in a barn on

the outskirts of Le Mans? Before going to sleep you said your prayers while I, who had no faith, smiled. But since then I have reflected, I have studied and I have recognized that it was you who were right. Thanks for the good you did my soul!"

"This letter," the count would remark, "I shall want to have in my hand when I die so that it may serve as my passport into eternity."

#### JUST CASUALLY INTERESTED

**I**T's strange how it effects them. *The Churchman* tells us of one with a theological jag:

A drunken man called up the bishop and asked him to tell immediately the difference between a Fundamentalist and a Modernist. The bishop replied, "All right, sir, you come to my office at three o'clock this afternoon, and I will try to explain it to you. But, sir, you are drunk, are you not?"

To this the man responded, "Yes, bishop, that's the trouble, and that's why I want to know now. If I wait till three o'clock this afternoon, I shall be sober, and then I won't care a rap."

#### TESTAMENT

**W**E are indebted to John W. Lynch and *Columbia* for these striking verses on the Sacred Passion:

Loose the nails now; take Him down,  
He's stretched . . . and taut . . . and dried!  
No felon this that hangs here dead,  
No bleaching corpse with rigid head,  
A parchment white, inscribed in red,  
This Christ they crucified!

Take Him down with reverent care,  
He's fragile . . . costly . . . dear!  
Parchment written on with whips,  
Penned with sharpened leaden tips,  
Paragraphed in livid strips,  
Then stamped with iron spear!

Take Him down. . . . How can I read  
A message high above?  
Ah! Now I see. This vellum thin  
Appears a document wherein  
Men have written . . . hate . . . and sin,  
And God has written . . . Love!

Then fold Him gently; guard Him well,  
Envault Him in a tomb.  
A covenant in Death's disguise,  
Here a five-sealed charter lies  
That grants the joy of Paradise,  
That ends eternal doom!

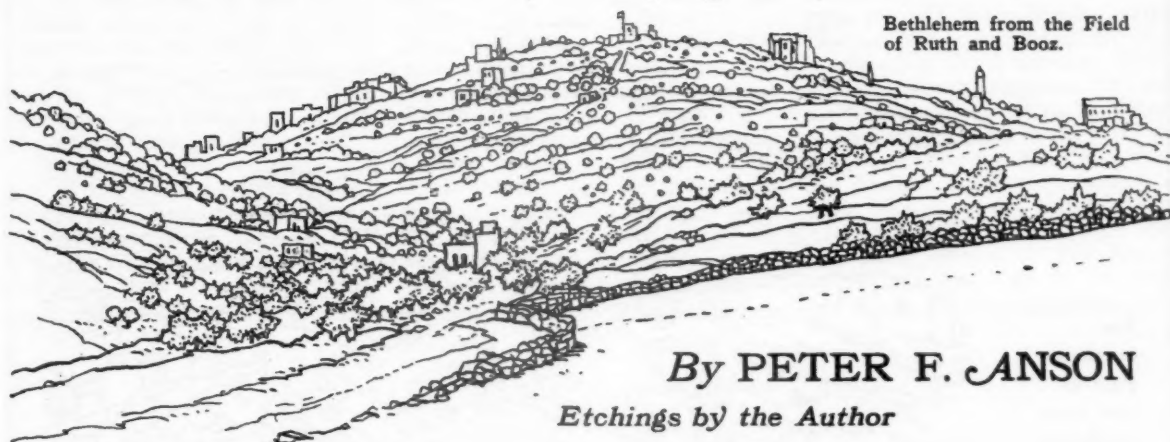
#### THEY SAY

This year we shall spend four billions of dollars for the United States Government; of this nearly three billions for war and the rest for mails, labor, justice, science, education, health, agriculture, buildings, dams, and such minor matters.  
—*W. E. B. DuBois*.

The rarest of all rare creatures is the man who gets a lot of money without letting a lot of money get him.—*Parkersburg Sentinel*.

It is not modern thought that troubles me, it is modern want of thought.—*Charles R. Brown*.

# Bethlehem and Nazareth



Bethlehem from the Field of Ruth and Booz.

By PETER F. ANSON

*Etchings by the Author*

**I** REMEMBER once hearing Bethlehem described as "the little town where it is always Christmas."

This is not an exaggerated way of expressing in a few words the two most characteristic features of the place: cheerfulness and brightness. The whole town in fact seems to possess something of the Christmas spirit of joy and happiness. Is not the very name itself, "House of

Bread," suggestive of comfort and wellbeing?

Kingslake, in his book, "Eothen," writes of the "dull oppression, the sad and sombre decorum and the stern and gloomy morality of the Mohamedan localities where, for long, the wearied traveller may go without catching one glimpse of outward happiness," and goes on to compare this with the "cheering clatter

of social freedom and the voices of laughing girls" in Bethlehem. And if anyone has stayed for more than a few days in Jerusalem, Hebron and Bethlehem, and compares the first two cities with the latter, he will be able to vouch for the truth of what this author describes.

Every traveler in Palestine will recall the beauty of feature and picturesque aspect of the unveiled Chris-



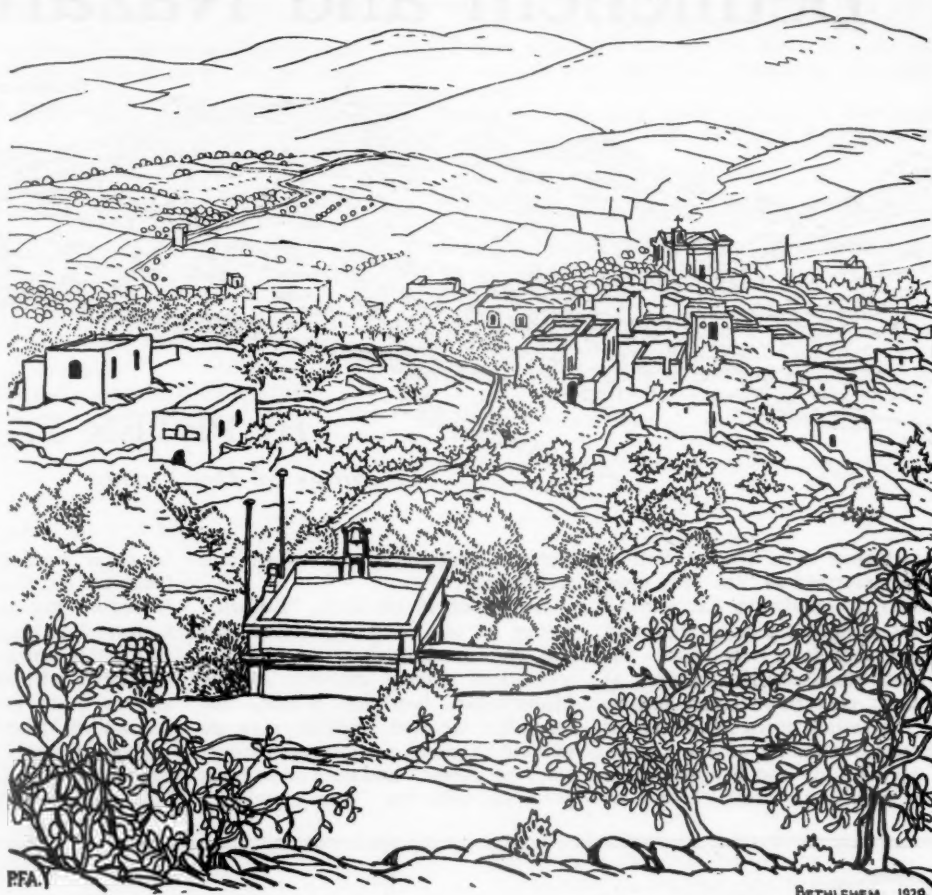
Distant View of Nazareth from the South.



Nazareth: The Mountain of the Precipitation.



The  
Shepherds'  
Field as  
Seen from  
Bethlehem



tian girls of Bethlehem, especially on a feast day when they are dressed up in their quaint medieval costume with its high steeple-like white head-gear. The people of Bethlehem, both men and women, are industrious.

**T**HE greater number of the inhabitants are Christians: Latins, Greek Orthodox, Armenians and Syrians being the most numerous. The devotion and piety of the women is noticeable. All day long there will be found some of them praying in the Grotto of the Nativity at the spot where Our Lord was born. From dawn onwards they crowd to Mass either in the Grotto itself or in the parish church of St. Catherine, which stands along side the Basilica of the Nativity. In Palestine, where Islam is generally so much more to the fore than Christianity, it is with a sense of relief that the pilgrim finds himself in Bethlehem.

Jerusalem is always dominated by the great dome of the Mosque of

Omar from whatever point of view one sees the city. Nazareth has a more confused skyline, where Catholic convents and Protestant orphanages fight for the mastery, but where the minaret of the mosque is still the most prominent object in the town itself. At Bethlehem, however, the eye is always being drawn up to the great fortress-like group of buildings which clusters around the Church of the Nativity and which can be seen for many miles away.

The first glimpse of Bethlehem when approached from Jerusalem is something not readily forgotten, especially if the pilgrim is fortunate enough to make the five mile journey on a night with a full moon shining. The road leads out of Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate under the shadow of the old walls. It stretches like a ribbon over the hills which rise up to the south, just like any other dusty road to look at, but a road which for nineteen centuries and more has been a symbol of the Eternal Quest after

Truth: the road sanctified by the journey of Our Lady with her yet unborn Child in her womb: the road by which the Wise Men, led by a star, came to worship their Creator lying in a cave on a hillside in Judea.

The road climbs up and up for a mile or two until it reaches the old convent of Elias. Then one turns a corner and is suddenly rewarded by a magnificent panorama of Bethlehem away to the south. This first glimpse of the town is far more suggestive of some Italian hill town than an Asiatic city. With its many domes and spires and groups of monastic buildings, its groves of grey olives and cypresses and fig trees, the Bethlehem of reality is not unlike it was painted by many an Italian "Primitive."

From the Convent of Elias, the road gradually climbs down until it is within a short distance of the city just after passing Rachel's Tomb. It then rises again and the pilgrim is confronted with the view that I have



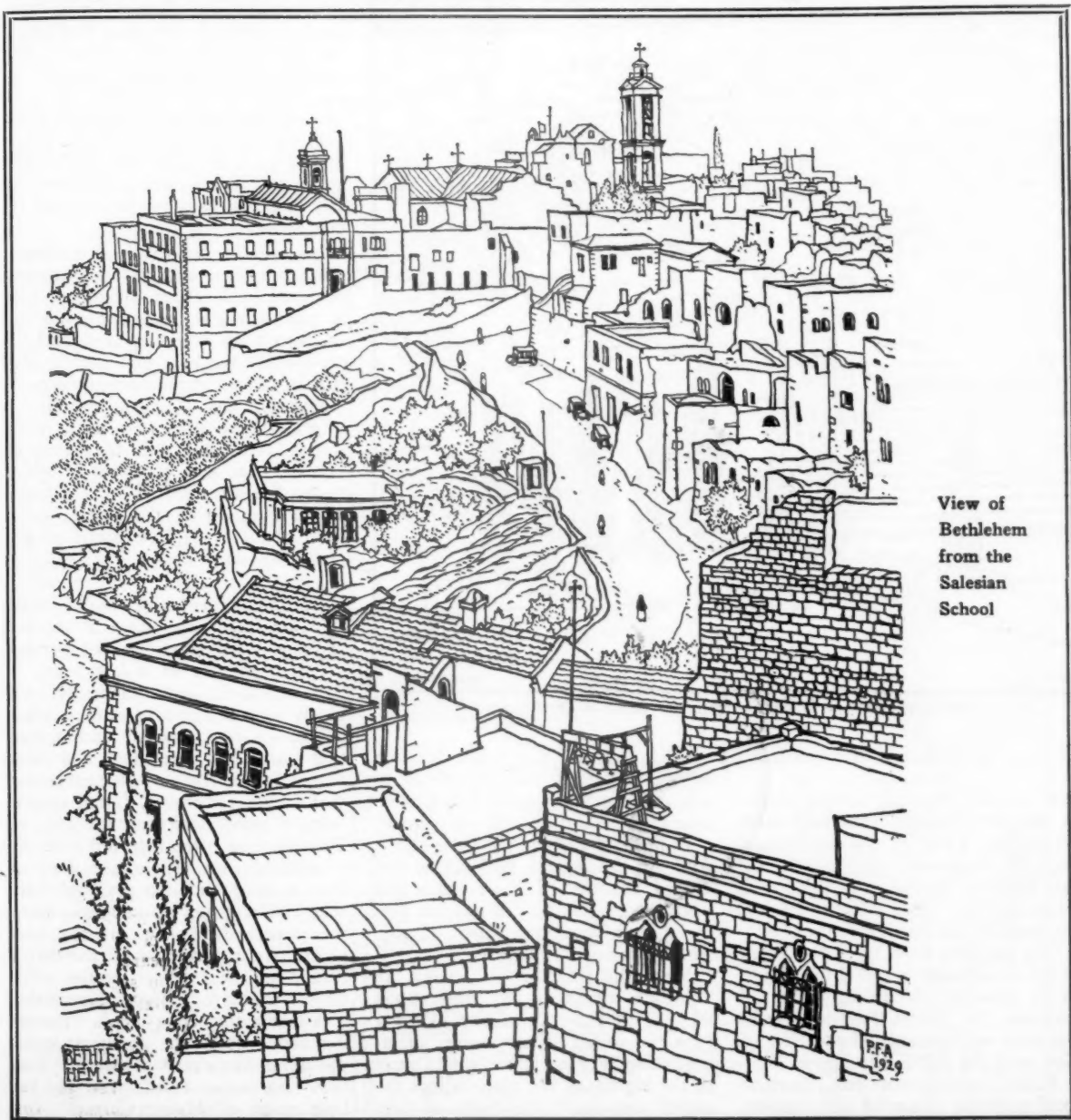
sketched in the drawing which shows the exterior of the Basilica of the Nativity. I made the drawing one evening in May from the roof of the Salesian School, and it gives a good idea of what modern Bethlehem looks like. I say "modern" Bethlehem, for both the road in the middle of the picture and many of the buildings are of post-war construction.

The curious little belfry on the roof of the house in the foreground belongs to the Greek Catholic Church and is very typical of Palestine. The actual Basilica of the Nativity, built over the grotto in which Our Lord

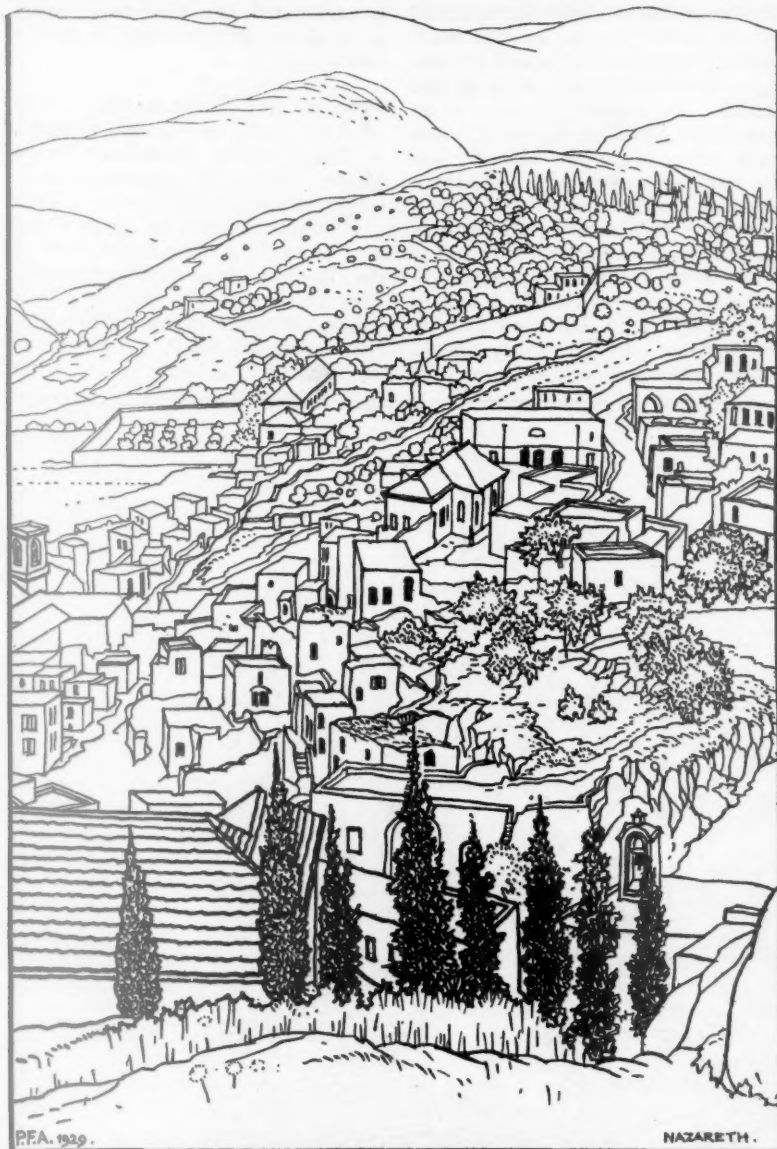
was born, can be easily distinguished by the three crosses on the roof. Latins, Orthodox Greeks and Armenians—all have the right of using this church. An armed policeman is on guard both night and day close to the place where stood the Manger, lest the representatives of these three Christian bodies should start trying to murder each other! The experience of many centuries has unfortunately proved that his presence is necessary! Feeling runs high among rival religions in Palestine and if, for instance, an Armenian should happen by chance to touch a lamp or

a candle stick belonging to a Greek, it would be quite enough to start a small riot!

To the left of the Basilica stands Casa Nova, or Pilgrims' Hospice, in charge of the Franciscan Friars Minor. Above this appears the campanile and roof of the parish church of St. Catherine, also in charge of the sons of St. Francis. On the right of the Basilica is another campanile. This belongs to the belfry of the Greek Orthodox monks whose convent stands around it. The Armenian convent buildings lie in front



View of  
Bethlehem  
from the  
Salesian  
School



Looking down on Nazareth from the Salesian Orphanage.

of this, much nearer the spectator.

**I**N another drawing I have shown the view looking from Bethlehem across the Field of the Shepherds, with the mountains of Moab in the far distance beyond the Dead Sea which lies deep down 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

The building with the little belfry in the foreground is called the House of St. Joseph. According to an old tradition, St. Joseph lived here from the time of the birth of the Son of God until the flight into Egypt.

Pious imagination has likewise fixed upon the village of Beit-Sahour,

which is shown in the middle distance, as the home of the Shepherds to whom the angels appeared on Christmas night. But this is conjectural.

Immediately above the cross on the roof of the square building in the village lies the Field of Ruth and Booz where even to this day the best barley and wheat are grown of anywhere around Bethlehem.

Since the time of St. Jerome an unbroken tradition has fixed upon the hill to the left of my drawing (the one with a solitary tower standing beside the road which winds away to the right) as the place where the angels announced the birth of Our

Lord to the Shepherds. Here it was that the first monastery in Palestine was built and where such famous holy men as St. Paphnutius and St. Jerome lived. On the side of the hill are several rocky caverns which might well have served as a sheep fold on a cold winter's night.

My other drawing gives an impression of the city of Bethlehem (or to be more correct the spur of the hill upon which the convent of the Nativity is built, for the city itself lies hidden) taken from the Field of Ruth and Booz. A day or two before I made this sketch the field in the foreground was covered with ripe barley. Here it was that took place in all probability that gracious idyll described in the second chapter of the Book of Ruth, where we read how the wealthy and prosperous Booz noticed the poor widow Ruth glean- ing in his fields after the reapers had gone, and how he eventually married her and thus became an ancestor of the Messiah.

As will be seen from the sketch, there is nothing strikingly picturesque or remarkable about the scene: just a quiet tranquil landscape made up of corn fields, olive groves, and fig trees scattered here and there. But it is in these pleasant surroundings of Bethlehem that so few tourists or pilgrims have time to visit in their hurried rush to "do" all the more conventional and orthodox "sights" under the direction of some professional guide, that the artist learns most about the ageless spirit of the birthplace of Jesus.

**I** CONFESS I had never realized that Nazareth was perched on the top of a mountain until I got my first glimpse of it last year. I had managed, with difficulty and much bargaining, to secure a place in one of the crowded automobiles that start from Jerusalem, and after one of the hottest and dustiest drives that I ever remember, found myself being whirled along over the plain of Esdraelon, so often referred to in the Old Testament. Right ahead of us was a long cliff-like wall of bare rocky hills, rising up suddenly from the almost dead level of the vast plain. As we drew nearer the driver turned and said, "You see the white houses up there? That's Nazareth."

A fascinating view it was. Towering above us to the northeast stood the dome-like shape of Mount Thabor. Far away to the west lay the long range of Mount Carmel. Im-

mediately before was the front of the Mount of the Precipitation.

The plain suddenly came to an end. The Arab chauffeur changed gear; the road started to twist and turn in hair pin bends, climbing up and up. Every minute the view backward became more and more thrilling; the plain of Esdraelon being laid out beneath us like a map. After a long climb we turned a corner, and there was Nazareth, lying below us (one somehow expected to see it up above), stretched out on the sides of a sort of cup on the slopes of the hills. It was a picture of white houses nestling among olive trees, gardens of green figs and cactus groves. No better name could be found for it than Nazareth or *Neser*, for does it not mean a flower-bearing branch?

**I**N the sketches which illustrate these brief impressions of Nazareth, the first one shows the distant view of the town from the south. I wandered out one evening from the Pilgrims' Hospice where I was staying; passing the convent of the Poor Clare nuns, where Charles de Foucauld, the hermit of the Sahara, lived for a time as gardener to the Sisters, and leaving on my right the chapel known as "Our Lady of the Fright," built to commemorate the old legend that Our Lady waited here on the occasion when the Jews dragged Our Lord away to cast Him over the precipice, arrived at a sort of open common, covered with rocks, rough grass, scraggy bushes, heather, thyme and other aromatic plants.

Looking back in the direction of Nazareth itself, I made the accompanying sketch, thinking how many thousands of times Our Lord, as a boy, must have gazed on this same view. During the intervening nineteen hundred years the landscape cannot have changed very much, although there may have been more trees here formerly, and the Salesian Orphanage in the distance was only built recently.

The next drawing was made from the Salesian Orphanage itself, and looks back in the opposite direction to the former sketch. In the immediate foreground, to the right is the bell-tower of the little chapel of the Maronites. The other tower right on the left, to the middle of the picture, is that of the Protestant church (for Protestants of every sort now abound in Nazareth and maintain various schools and orphanages here.) Far off will be noticed the outline of the mountains above Samaria on the

south side of the plain of Esdraelon.

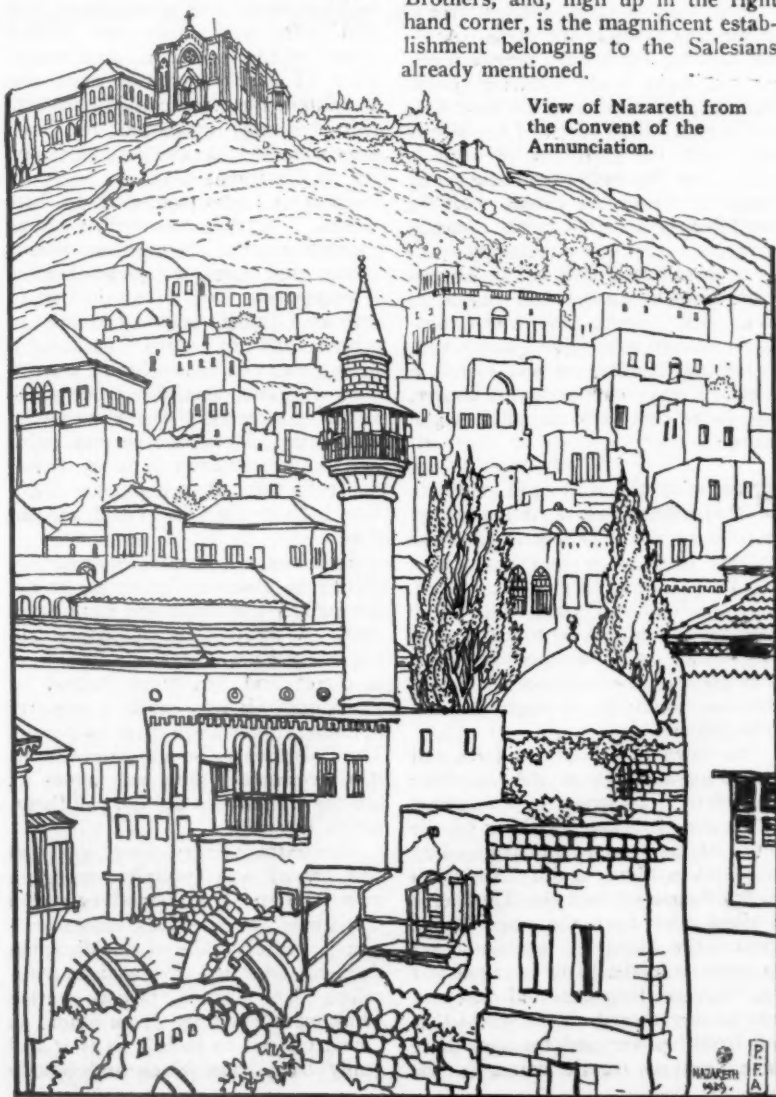
My next sketch gives an impression of the wild and rocky gorge that leads to the mountain of the Precipitation, "the brow of the hill upon which the city is built," to which the Jews brought our Lord "in order that they might cast Him down headlong," as St. Luke tells us. It is a lonely forbidding spot where you are not likely to meet anyone save perhaps a shepherd with his sheep, an ideal place in which to meditate upon those mysterious years of the childhood and youth of Christ which were spent here among the hills of Galilee. Beyond the gorge you will notice in my drawing the distant plain of Esdraelon, nearly 1,000 feet below.

In the remaining drawing I have tried to give an idea of what the town of Nazareth looks like today.

The sketch was made from a window in the vast new convent of the Friars Minor now being built and which will dominate the whole neighborhood like some immense barracks, completely altering the character of the landscape, and a doubtful improvement from the aesthetic view!

There are about 2500 Mohammedans in Nazareth today in addition to the population of 5,000 Christians of various denominations of whom the Orthodox Greeks are in the majority, and you will notice the minaret of the mosque standing up very prominently in this drawing: a typical example of the Palestinian type of minaret that one sees everywhere.

**I**N the crowded buildings that cling onto the sides of the steep hill, are the schools of the Christian Brothers, and, high up in the right hand corner, is the magnificent establishment belonging to the Salesians already mentioned.



View of Nazareth from the Convent of the Annunciation.





# The Enemy of Christmas

By G. K. CHESTERTON

HIGH on that harsh rock of heathen Rome, up which the conquerors climbed and the disarmed armies of the captives, where bellowing beasts were sacrificed to the god of the thunder-clap and the blasting light, there is perched today a shrine that is called The Altar in Heaven, almost with the literal implication of The Altar in the Sky.

It is supposed to commemorate a dream that came to the great Augustus, bidding him build a temple there, on the night when Christ is born. And, as if to emphasize the same date and dream, this church in the sky is also made the guardian of what is called the Bambino—a strange stiff image of the Infant Christ, quaintly swaddled and still more quaintly crowned. The gay and happy tourist will call it a doll. The earnest and righteous tourist will call it an idol. But I think that even a professor of comparative religions might, in his impartiality, consent to call it a god; always supposing, of course, that he is careful to avoid a capital letter.

FOR it is the only god, even in the ordinary sense of mythology or folklore, who has been at all active on that rock for a very long time; and he has been very active indeed. The children still come and make speeches to him, asking him for what they want; only the other day some little girls I know delivered eloquent orations about the indisposition of their father.

The town is full of old tales and traditions about how the Bambino strayed or was stolen and returned of his own volition, knocking on the doors of his friends and demanding to be taken home again. And high on his throne of rock the Thunderer is silent, and down the crags of the Capitol the blood of sacrifice flows no more; and the Wolf is caged and the War-god forgotten and dust and ruin have gathered on the shield that fell from heaven; and for ages there have been no mystic noises in the

night save the Bambino beating on the door.

And as I thought of that stiff figure I remembered those lines which Milton wrote, I fancy, in his youth:

Our Babe to prove His Godhead true  
Can in His swaddling bands control  
the damned crew.

And, even as I spoke the words half aloud, I realized that there really had been more than one damned crew that were very truly and vividly afraid of the Bambino. And one of them (I deeply regret to say) was the damned crew which Milton himself eventually supported; the Puritans who forbade any sort of festivity on Christmas Day.

Even as I was pondering on these things, I fell into talk with a young American priest, who said something about the date or celebration of Thanksgiving Day. He said that of course I must know (though of course I did not know) that Thanksgiving was established by the men of New England specially in order to avoid or prevent the observance of Christmas. I suppose he was right; and in any case there is plenty of evidence to that effect about the Puritans both in the Old World and the New.

It is not a question, however, of failing to observe Christmas, or not having any particular love for Christmas. A whole class of people calling themselves Christians did have a direct and venomous hatred of Christmas. It was hardly a negative opinion; it was as positive as poison. The Bolsheviks also abolished Christmas, feeling the same way about it; but the Bolsheviks did not call themselves Christians.

The extraordinary thing was that this hatred was specially strong in men who thought themselves model Christians; or indeed the *only* Christians. In the middle of the Victorian Age, an educated Evangelical naturalist, like Bosse's father, hurled Christmas pudding from him as "meat offered to idols"; as if it had really been some black and bloody

sacrifice on the Tarpeian Rock.

All believers of that type, all theologians of that school, all men whose spiritual life worked in that direction, felt instantly, absolutely, and unanimously, that Christmas was their enemy. It must have meant something. It did mean something. What it meant was something very deep, which grew more and more graphic to me; as the hackneyed and noble lines began to drift once more through my mind:

Peor and Baalim  
Forsake their temples dim  
With that thrice-battered God of  
Palestine.

Baalim is, I imagine, the plural of Baal; I do not know whether Milton meant anything by it; but it is indeed true, and rather relevant, that there is more than one Baal. It was not only the ancient Israelites who sometimes identified him with Jehovah. Jehovah also can be worshipped, and has been worshipped, in such a mood, and with such a meaning, that, by every human and even inhuman instinct, there can never be anything but hatred between that cult and the Holy Child.

IT is not a question of theological definitions; but of psychological facts. The Calvinists, with all the shrewdness of fighters and merchants and practical men, grasped those psychological facts; and they were right. If a man is much in the habit of reflecting that God was once a little baby, if he often thinks of his Lord under the image of a little baby, if he makes much of the occasion when Deity was thus identified with Infancy, he will not in fact be able to keep up the practice of a pure religion of Fear. He will not be able to think of the Lord as merely rigid and ruthless; and the particular sort of sternness and grimness, which Puritanism valued, will certainly pass out of his creed.

It is nothing that his creed, as actually defined in the Calvinistic scheme, did admit that there had been



such a Divine Child. It was not a thing to think about. It was not certainly a thing to rejoice about. It altered the mood required. For that mood was the mood of the mystery of Baal and Moloch and the thrice-battered god of Palestine, and all the damned crew of demons turned into deities who crept back into divided Christendom and, under Judaic or Christian titles, reassumed their seats of terror and exalted their horns of

hate. Hate indeed was the very heart of them; hate was their life; hate was their love. But of all their hates, the most living and the most loving hate was their hate of the Child. Did not one of them, Moloch, devour children as a perpetual sacrifice?

Nor all heathen gloom, and certainly not all Christian gloom, was so horrible as this. But we can guess the return of the heathen when he

lays on us the cold finger of fear; and when he shares all the horror of the Protestant Bishop Barnes for "a female figure with a child." Nor was it only on the Roman rock that men worshipped the Thunderer; and Christians as well as Jews have for a time been taught that the Lord is only in the thunder. But a more thrilling secret is hidden in that hill; that the thunder itself is afraid; and afraid of a Child.

## IT HAPPENED IN DECEMBER

### *Fra Giovanni's Notes on This Month's Anniversaries of Persons and Events*

#### December First

659—Death of St. Eligius, Patron Saint of Farriers.

1581—Execution "with the usual barbarities" at Tyburn, London, of Blessed Father Campion.

1582—Father John Hart, S.J., a convert from Protestantism, already a prisoner in the Tower of London is put for twenty days in irons for failing to agree with the arguments of Mr. Reynolds, a Protestant preacher sent to argue with him.

1827—Death, aged 87, of Father Joseph Berington, said to be first Catholic priest in England since the "reformation" to wear black clothes. So as to look as unclerical as possible, priests had hitherto generally worn brown clothes.

1830—Death of Pius VIII, who on becoming Pope immediately ordered all his own kinsmen to resign any positions that they might hold under the Church.

#### December Second

1547—Death of Hernando Cortez, who had conquered Mexico under the motto of "Friends, let us follow the Cross."

1552—St. Francis Xavier lies dying on ship "Santa Croce" on which he was to have sailed to China. For last hours, however, he was landed and died in delirium talking about the China Mission.

1804—Pope crowns Napoleon and Josephine.

1867—French flag formally lowered in Rome.

1903—Catholic University at Ot-

tawa, Canada, destroyed by fire.

#### December Third

1170—St. Thomas à Becket lands at Sandwich. Crowds follow him crying, "Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord."

1643—Edict of Cardinal Mazarin reforming the French post-office.

1815—Death at Baltimore of Archbishop John Carroll, the first Catholic Bishop of the United States. The original Diocese of Baltimore included all the territory in the United States east of the Mississippi except Florida, but in 1808 the four new Sees of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown were created.

1887—On death of Archbishop M'Gottigan, the future famous Cardinal Logue becomes Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland.

#### December Fourth

1154—Nicholas Breakspear elected as Adrian IV, the only Englishman who ever occupied the Papal Throne.

1334—Death at Avignon of John XXII, aged 84, the Pope who instituted the Angelus.

1563—Close of Council of Trent.

1642—Death of Cardinal Richelieu of France.

1798—Death of Luigo Galvani, the scientist after whom is named the electrical term of "galvanism." A staunch Catholic, in his youth he wished to become a monk but was dissuaded by his family.

1858—The "Illustrated London News" reports case of a priest in

Christiania (now Oslo), Norway, being fined for having allowed a Protestant lady to turn Catholic.

#### December Fifth

1484—Innocent VIII issues Papal Bull against Witchcraft, Necromancy, Spiritism (the present "Spiritualism") and other evils.

1590—Election of Gregory XIV, the Pope who forbade all forms of betting on Papal Elections.

1870—Rome now formally declared the Capital of "United Italy," the old States of the Church having of course been forcibly seized into the "Union."

1874—Scene in German Parliament and riotous anti-Catholic demonstration.

#### December Sixth

1227—Birth of St. Peter Paschal who was educated by a priest rescued by his parents from the Moors. Became Bishop of Granada in Spain, which was then under the domination of the Moors. The Saint-Bishop eventually killed by Moors.

1352—Death of Clement VI, the Pope who granted the King of France special permission to Communicate under both Kinds.

1670—Death of Henry Jenkins, an Englishman supposed to have lived to age of 169. Born 1500, was buried at Bolton near Richmond in Yorkshire, England, where his monument is still to be seen. He said that he remembered the "reformation" and "that great lamentation was made and the country all in a tumult when the

Monks were turned out."

1854—Queen Victoria's letter from Windsor Castle formally approves the work of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War. The "Lady of the Lamp," herself a staunch Protestant, had, in default of other trained nurses, taken out with her some Catholic Sisters, and was then being fiercely attacked in the press as being either "High Church" or else a "Concealed Papist," one good Protestant Divine going so far in his zeal as to appeal to the nation to send her no funds for her work of mercy.

1905—French Senate passes Bill for the Separation Law of Church and State.

#### December Seventh

1143—Pope Celestine II grants Bull to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

1254—Death at Naples of Innocent IV, the Pope who, presiding at the Council of Lyons, had deposed the Emperor Frederick II and ordered the Princes of Germany to elect a new Sovereign.

1539—Martin Luther, the great "reformer," signs a Dispensation allowing Prince Philip of Hesse to take a second "wife," his first being still alive. But, so as to avoid scandal on the part of common people, the business is to be kept a state secret.

1870—Pope declared St. Joseph as Patron of the Universal Church.

1906—Death of Dr. Lapponi, born 1851 and physician in turn to Leo XIII and Pius X.

#### December Eighth

1837—Bishop Pompallier, first Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, arrives from France in Sydney, Australia.

1850—Queen Victoria in a letter to Lord John Russell apropos of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill (an English law aimed against the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England) "deeply regrets the great abuse of the Roman Catholic religion which takes place at these meetings. Her Majesty thinks such abuse highly un-Christian."

1854—Dogma of the Immaculate Conception this day published in Rome.

1856—Death at Cork, Ireland, of Father Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance.

1859—Born at Lowell the future Cardinal William O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston.

1863—Jesuit Church at Santiago in Chili burned and 2,000 lives lost. On December 20, Government orders ruins to be razed to ground.

1864—Papal Encyclical, condemning 80 errors, is forbidden to be read in France.

1869—Meeting of Vatican Ecumenical Council; 767 prelates present.

1915—Centenary of foundation stone of Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, Ireland. Even now, 1930, a Cathedral is only recently being considered, such was the force of the anti-Catholic domination.

#### December Ninth

1564—First publication of Creed of Pope Pius IV.

1565—Death of Pius IV, the Pope who brought to a glorious conclusion the Council of Trent.

1596—Nine missionaries arrested in Japan. Start of the anti-Catholic persecutions.

1608—Birth of John Milton, the famous poet, a grandson of Richard Milton of Oxfordshire, "one of the staunchest adherents to the old Roman Catholic faith in his district."

1669—Death of Clement IX, the Pope who carried his dislike of popularity to such a pitch as to refuse to allow even his name to be placed on buildings erected during his reign.

#### December Tenth

1294—Traditional date of the removal of the Holy House from Dalmatia to Loretto.

1837—Mathias Loras consecrated as first Bishop of Dubuque, Iowa. A Frenchman by birth, he had been a personal friend of the "Curé of Ars."

1872—Cardinal Manning is asked to preside at the Exeter Hall Meeting in London called to promote the Agricultural Laborers' Union. Declines to take chair, but proposes the first Resolution. Leaves the Hall, however, when Mr. Bradlaugh, the notorious infidel of the day, appears on the platform.

#### December Eleventh

489—Death of St. Daniel the Stylite, aged 80. So called because he had spent most of life in contemplation upon the top of a high pillar, near Constantinople.

1475—Birth of future Leo X, the Pope during whose reign the "reformation" began.

1678—Father Hennepin lands at site of new suspension bridge at

Niagara Falls and says first Mass in district that makes present Diocese of Buffalo.

1806—Peace of Posen, when the Catholics of Saxony are granted the same freedom of worship as the Lutherans.

1858—"Illustrated London News" reports popular uproar in England at the idea of the Prince of Wales's suggested visit to Rome. "A Scion of the House of Brunswick ought to scratch Rome out of the map."

1905—Creation of first South American Cardinal, the Archbishop of Rio San Janeiro.

1906—French Separation Laws come into effect.

#### December Twelfth

1199—The King of France, having put away his wife and taken a concubine, Pope Innocent III lays all France under an Interdict.

1531—Third Apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico, to the poor Indian, Juan Diego.

1791—Birth of Maria Louisa, future Empress of the French and wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, to whom she was married on April 2, 1810.

1878—Death in the Visitation Convent at Nevers, France, Blessed Bernadette Soubirous, the visitante of Lourdes.

#### December Thirteenth

1540—John Knox, the future famous "reformer" of Scotland, appearing in a law suit at Samuelston near Haddington signs himself as in Minor Orders of the Catholic Church.

1545—Assembly of Council of Trent.

1641—Death of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, a friend of St. Francis de Sales and also of St. Vincent de Paul. Foundress of the Order of the Visitation.

1866—Circular of Commander-in-Chief of British Army directs that free will gifts from soldiers to religious schools, churches, etc., are to be remitted through their paymasters. The Circular was connected with a scandal of the day when it was found that Catholic soldiers serving in the Army had been forced to a stoppage of pay for a "freewill" offering to the new stained glass windows of a Protestant Barrack church.

1882—Cardinal Manning's notes as to his fruitless steps to save the Archbishop of Paris during the French Commune of 1871. Arch-

bishop had, of course, been shot during the Commune. Rioters' leaders had been approached in the matter by a Mr. Norcott, who, for his interference had been called a "priest-ridden Englishman." But he replied that on the contrary he was a Protestant Irishman, "but I revere this venerable Prelate."

#### December Fourteenth

1591—Death of St. John of the Cross aged 49, having spent 28 years of his life in his Religious Profession. A mystic, he was the author of the "Dark Night of the Soul."

1840—Future Pope Pius IX is elevated to the Cardinalate.

1852—Pius IX lays down regulations as to the Palatine Guard of Honor, one of the forces of the little Papal Army. This was the Pope who as a young man had himself been rejected from his own future Army, being declined on account of his health for the famous Noble Guard.

#### December Fifteenth

1892—Meeting of conference of Hungarian Bishops to oppose Civil Marriages.

1904—Death of Mélanie Calvat, one of the shepherd visitantes of the Apparition of Our Lady of La Salette in 1845.

1926—Catholic Relief Act of England receives the Royal Assent, the final stage after passing through the two Houses of Parliament.

#### December Sixteenth

999—Death of St. Adelheid, Empress of Germany. Some relics still kept at Hanover.

1246—Pope Innocent IV canonizes Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury, England.

1745—Death of Abbé Desfontaines, a famous French scholar and the translator of Virgil and Horace.

1910—A Decree of the Holy Office formally authorizes the use of the Scapular Medal.

#### December Seventeenth

1187—Death of Gregory VIII, having been Pope only from October 21, in this same year. During his short Papacy, however, he imposed upon Christendom a five-years' fast upon the Fall of Jerusalem to the Turks. He further regulated women's dress, forbidding certain colors as an additional mark of sorrow.

1198—Pope Innocent III ap-

proves the Order of Trinitarians.

1826—Miraculous Apparition of a Cross in the sky at Migné near Poitiers in France.

1885—Act of Settlement in Caroline Islands dispute signed at Vatican. This was a quarrel between Germany and Spain, in which the Holy See was asked to arbitrate, Cardinal Jacobini conducting the negotiations.

1906—Under new French Separation Laws, Archbishop of Paris expelled by the police from his official residence.

#### December Eighteenth

1352—Election of Pope Innocent VI.

1861—Archbishop Bialobzeski of Warsaw is condemned to death as rebel against Russia.

1884—Great fire at St. John's Catholic Orphan Asylum, Brooklyn, N. Y., and thirteen lives lost.

1887—First Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria of England. The Duke of Norfolk, England's Premier Duke and a Catholic, sent to Rome as the Queen's envoy on the occasion and is received by the Pope.

#### December Nineteenth

1187—Election of Clement III, the Pope who removed Scotland from its ancient place under the jurisdiction of York in England and made it now directly subject to the Holy See.

1770—Cardinal Colorina, Vicar to the Pope, placards Rome with notices forbidding women of any degree to appear in churches without veils.

1832—Death of Augustus Pugin, of the famous English family of architects who practically re-introduced Gothic architecture into the Catholic church-building of the modern world, largely ousting the classical architecture which for centuries had been almost universal for Catholic churches.

#### December Twentieth

1709—London "Evening Post" has curious description of a Flying Ship invented by Father Laurent, a Brazilian priest.

1863—Government of Manila, Philippine Islands, anxious for better education, issues decree for establishment of a new normal school, to be staffed by Jesuit Fathers. The Society had previously been expelled by the same Government.

1874—Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor of Dublin is enthroned as first

Bishop of Ballarat in Australia.

1879—Ordination as priest of future Pope Pius XI.

1920—Diary of Father Bernard Vaughn, the famous English Jesuit preacher records for this date having been approached by a firm of publishers as to his writing his Memoirs. "The last milestones on the way home," he writes, "are now being passed and I am so intensely interested in what is coming that I feel cold about what I am leaving."

#### December Twenty-first

1118—Birth of St. Thomas à Becket in Cheapside, London.

1470—St. Thomas Isle (so called after the Saint's Day) discovered by Joao de Santarem and Pero de Escobar.

1584—English Parliament passes Penal Law against "all Jesuits and Seminary Priests." Law later copied into Colonies and so into present U. S. A.

1878—Ordination of future Pope Benedict XV.

1900—Death of Mr. Vere Foster, who in 1848 had been a prominent figure in the Irish Potato Famine. A wealthy young aristocrat with large properties in Ireland, he had conceived it his duty when the Famine came to take up residence on his own estates, where, though himself a Protestant, he had endeared himself to almost the whole of Catholic Ireland, assisting very largely at his own expense the emigration of many thousands of starving Irish to America.

#### December Twenty-second

Pope Honorius III affirms by Bull the Order of St. Dominic.

1554—William Thomas, Clerk of the Council to King Edward VI of England, proposes the murder of the Catholic Queen Mary, who was then about to marry King Philip of Spain. He was subsequently executed himself, his last words being that he "died for his country."

1891—Future Cardinal Bégin appointed coadjutor to Cardinal Taschereau Archbishop of Quebec.

1907—Future Benedict XV consecrated Archbishop of Bologna.

#### December Twenty-third

1578—Father John Hay, S.J., leaves Bordeaux for Dundee, Scotland, "where his presence caused great commotion among the Presbyterian Ministers."

1580—Foundation of the English College at Rome.



1595—Papal Bull announces the return of the Ruthenian Church to Catholic unity.

1741—Brief of Benedict XIV approves the Medal of St. Benedict.

1867—Declaration of loyalty to English Throne of many of the Catholic clergy of Ireland, then in the throes of political warfare.

#### December Twenty-fourth

1247—Death of Robin Hood, the famous bandit of romance. Said to be buried at Kirkstall in Yorkshire, England, in the former Benedictine Convent there.

1491—St. Ignatius Loyola born.

1803—Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the Emperor Napoleon, married in Baltimore by Bishop Carroll.

1806—Serious anti-Popery rioting outside St. Peter's Catholic church, New York. One man killed and many injured.

1853—Birth of the first Archbishop of Canada.

1891—Death of Mr. Johannes Janssen, the famous German historical scholar. A Catholic.

#### December Twenty-fifth

800—Charlemagne crowned Emperor by the Pope at the old St. Peter's, Rome.

1046—Clement II becomes Pope.

1558—Queen Elizabeth as "Spiritual Head" of the Church of England as by Law Established orders the Bishop of Carlisle to omit the Elevation. He refuses, and the Queen thereupon leaves before the Offertory so as not to have to commit herself either to Adoring or failing to Adore.

1559—Election of Pope Pius III.

1680—"A modest apology for the students of Edinburgh burning a Pope on December 25, 1680." The "Pope" was an effigy carried in an anti-Catholic procession, and the Apology is the title of a Tract in the Guildhall Library, London.

1914—Cardinal Mercier's famous circular letter to the clergy of Belgium.

1916—Pope sends Christmas presents to all Christian prisoners-of-war in Turkey.

1920—Father Bernard Vaughn, S.J., preaches at midnight Mass at Fulwell Park, England, before the exiled ex-King of Portugal. "I am accustomed to preach in the Presence of the King of Kings and shall therefore not be nervous."

#### December Twenty-sixth

418—Death of Pope Zosimus.

1751—Birth of Lord George Gordon of the notorious anti-Pop-

ery "Gordon Riots." He died in jail raving mad.

1795—Born in Co. Tipperary, Ireland, Father McEneroe, one of the first missionaries to Australia and a reformer of the English transportation system.

1862—Thirty-eight Sioux Indians hanged for an insurrection. Thirty-three elect to die as Catholics and confess to Father Ravoux.

1869—Five hundred English, Scotch, Irish and Canadian Papal Zouaves in Rome eat a Christmas Dinner subscribed for them by Catholic fellow-countrymen.

1883—Orange riots at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

#### December Twenty-seventh

1290—Burial of Eleanor, wife of King Edward I of England. This is the Queen whose funeral track through England was marked out by the Eleanor Crosses, one being erected at each place at which the corpse rested for a night.

1546—Covenant between Henry VIII and the citizens of London as to reopening St. Bartholomew's Hospital, closed for years after the Dissolution of the Monasteries. "But the free-handed charity of the old-time Monks gave way to petty extortions that prevented the most needy from receiving the benefits of the Hospital. Before a patient was admitted he had to deposit 19/6d for possible burial fees."

1886—Annulment of the Treaty between Great Britain and Prussia as to the Bishopric of Jerusalem. This was a Treaty of 1841, providing for the establishment of a Protestant See of Jerusalem, the Church of England and the Prussian Lutherans have the appointment of alternative bishops.

#### December Twenty-eighth

1065—Dedication of Westminster Abbey, London, the mother-church, so to speak, of English-speaking Catholicism.

1622—Death at Lyons, France, of St. Francis de Sales, aged 56.

1863—Abbé Machiewicz, a Polish priest and a leader of the Catholicism of his country, hanged by the Russians as a rebel. He was locally venerated as a martyr.

#### December Twenty-ninth

1170—Murder of St. Thomas à Becket before Altar of Canterbury Cathedral by emissaries of the King of England. King afterwards scourged publicly by way of penance at Avranches Cathedral.

1429—King Charles VII of France ennobles the Maid (St. Joan of Arc) and all her family.

1834—Death at Bath, England, of Mr. Malthus, the Church of England clergyman who gave his name to the Malthusian Theory and many subsequent "remedies" of Birth Control.

1848—"Constituent Assembly," a revolutionary body, sitting at Rome, solemnly "Decrees the Deposition of the Pope." Papacy, however, continues.

#### December Thirtieth

1568—Death of Roger Ascham, Latin Secretary to Queen Elizabeth of England and a world-famous scholar. With the subsequent accession of Mary, the "Bloody Mary" of fiction, Ascham, a staunch Protestant, was retained in the service of the Catholic Queen.

1591—Death of Innocent IX.

1644—Death of Jan Baptist van Helmont, the Catholic scientist who first applied the name "gas" to carbon dioxide.

1792—Bishop of Leon, France, formally thanks the English people for its hospitality to the Catholic refugees of the Terror of the French Revolution. (Many hundreds of French priests were the guests of the English Government, while all sorts of public funds were opened for the assistance of the French Catholics who had made a home across the Channel. In return, many of the older London churches still owe their inception to these French refugee priests.)

#### December Thirty-first

1543—St. Francis Xavier, writing to the Jesuit Society at Rome from Madura in India, says that it is three years since he left Portugal and that he has so far only received one letter from Europe. "God is my witness what joy it caused me."

1838—Father Abram, a Catholic priest in Liverpool, England, is summoned to pay "one penny small tithe for smoke from his chimney" to the local Protestant parson. (Tithes formed a part of the income of Protestant Livings.)

1846—Ordination of Father John Bapst the Jesuit missionary who built first church in Bangor, Me.

1870—King Victor Emanuel of the new "United Italy" makes public entry into the captured Rome. Churches of Santa Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran close their doors against him.





**T**HE new parish priest sprang the news casually on his sacristan, after Mass, quite unconscious of its startling nature.

"I'm going to have a new model of the Holy Child for the Crib next Christmas," he remarked to Clement Mittleeson. "The old one has had its day. They tell me it's over eighty years old. Well, what's the matter? You are looking very glum."

"I was thinking of old Mr. Moriarty," was the reply. "He has known that Baby Jesus ever since he was a baby himself. Another would not be the same to him. He almost seems to think that it's alive."

"Then quite time it went," the priest responded crisply.

Old Mr. Moriarty was a ramshackle recipient of the old age pension, upon which he subsisted in a verminous garret that swallowed up most of the pension in rent. He could not be allowed to prove obstructive when the congregation was to be considered as a whole. The young new parish priest disliked the association of piety and red noses. It was said that Moriarty sometimes found the public house as attractive as the church, in which he spent most of his time, praying before this or the other statue, all of which doubtless "seemed to him to be alive."

"I've got a beautiful new thing in its place," the priest went on. "I simply couldn't do with that waxen object. It's melting with sheer age."

"The people are very attached to it," Clement ventured. "He's very

pretty the way He stretches out his little arms, like."

The new and young parish priest noted the gender. It was part and parcel of the way this sort of people had of treating a symbol. Southern Italy had not got the monopoly of superstition.

"Well, they can detach themselves," he said, "and learn to be a little less materialistic in their way of looking at things. And as for old Moriarty, we need not worry about him; his grand-daughter will be taking him away to live with her before Christmas comes so he won't be any the wiser."

Clement said no more. The priest had a square jaw, and stubby fair hair growing squarely on a square forehead. Fair and squareness had brought him into the Catholic Church from Episcopalianism. He was a man who knew his mind, and had the courage of his convictions.

Old Mr. Moriarty, the personage under discussion, was at that very minute saying his prayers at the end of the church. The priest spotted him as he walked down the aisle.

"Well, Moriarty," he said, "how goes the world with you? We shall soon be having Christmas. I suppose you'll be spending it with your grand-daughter?"

Mr. Moriarty ignored the latter part of the speech.

"Yes," he said, "we shall soon be having Christmas, and He'll be coming again to His manger. It will be nigh on eighty years that I've been

and wished Him 'Merry Christmas.' He was there when I was a tiny child, almost as small as Himself. Always the same, He was—and yet sometimes different."

"How different?" the priest asked, almost eagerly. He understood that they had always had the same little image.

Mr. Moriarty explained.

"Sometimes He would look happy," he said, "and sometimes he would look sad; and"—he dropped his voice and drew in a breath—"times was when He looked angry. God forgive me my sins."

The old man was gazing into space, as old folks do. "One time he smiled at me," he said—"just as though I were a pretty picture."

The priest listened, and shrugged his shoulders. The old fellow was a bit batty. Quite time his relatives came and looked after him. He remarked this to Clem Mittleeson, who agreed with him. It would be the one way, Clem felt, of saving the old man the heartbreak of finding a new Baby in the manger on Christmas morning.

**A**s the weeks passed, although old Mr. Moriarty was getting distinctly shakier, he firmly turned down any suggestion that he would be better off with Mrs. Cripps, his grand-daughter at the other end of town. He clung to the old place, and his landlady had had no complaint against him for months past. Mr. Moriarty had taken the pledge, as a matter of fact, on Ash-Wednesday

and kept it ever since. The new priest need never have known of his weakness except for, as Deborah, the priest's housekeeper neatly put it, his own poor nose and other people's tongues.

Mrs. Cripps, the grand-daughter, came over during Advent and tried her best to persuade the old man to go and make his home with her. But Pat Moriarty was firmly rooted in the soil. After Christmas, perhaps, he finally agreed. He must spend Christmas in the old place. He would not be missing seeing the Crib once more, not he!

Mrs. Cripps explained that her own church was a wonderful fine one that people came miles to see—Protestants and all—and that the Crib there was beautiful beyond her powers of description. Her grandfather remained unmoved. He wanted his own Crib particular.

**I**t did worry poor, kind-hearted Clement Mittelson not a little. He had an intense affection for old Mr. Moriarty. More than once he had played the good Samaritan and guided the old man's zig-zag path homeward when the weakness had proved its strength, as an Hibernian weakness might be expected to do. When he heard that Grandfather had made it "after Christmas" he denounced the irony of Fate. A day or two after St. Stephen's Day was the final date arranged for. Hardest of hard luck!

Just before he started erecting the cave in the Lady Chapel the priest called Clement into the rectory and showed him the model of a sleeping babe wrapped in swaddling bands, executed in chaste white porcelain. It was really very charming, but Clem Mittelson eyed it with disfavor.

"Poor old Moriarty," he said, "it won't be the same to him."

The rector answered snappily. "Then it ought to be," he ejaculated.

"My patience! 'One Lord one Faith'—one would think that Catholics had as many Lords as there are images of Him!"

One thing Clement Mittelson determined. Poor old Mr. Moriarty should receive due warning so that he might not get a shock when he visited the Crib for the first time. It would be unspeakably hard to fashion the words of warning so that the wound did not go too deep, but it should be done. He achieved it in a somewhat unsatisfactory and morally reprehensible manner, going beyond economy of the truth.

Mr. Moriarty presented himself at the Lady Chapel where the Crib was in the course of erection—it was Clem Mittelson's special job. It gave him his opportunity.

"Do you know, Mr. Moriarty," he said, "we've been and done a foolish thing. We've put away the image of the Child in a safe place, and we may be having to get another to do with until it turns up again."

The thought of the original turning up would mitigate the finality of the change, of which the news was being broken gently.

Mr. Moriarty looked duly disturbed—for a moment. Then he asked: "Have you been to St. Antony? He'll be sure to find Him for you."

"You ask St. Antony yourself, Mr. Moriarty," was the discreet reply. "You and St. Antony are great friends, aren't you?"

Mr. Moriarty nodded. He lost no time but moved on to the statue of St. Antony.

St. Antony had his own little Jesus securely enough. Being an all-the-year-round representation it ran no danger of being put away in a safe place. Clem Mittelson watched the client, and felt a pang of remorse as a coin dropped into St. Antony's poor-box. His own admiration for his mental dexterity was tempered by an uncomfortable feeling that he was practising a deception on Mr. Moriarty of which the saint invoked might disapprove. St. Antony might not enter into the spirit of his elusive terminology. But how could he let poor old Mr. Moriarty break his heart?

"Seventy-seven years we've looked at each other," the old man had told him. "He don't get no older, and, 'pon my word, I don't believe I do! God have mercy on an old feller who's never been able to grow up."

The days that intervened between that on which Mr. Moriarty received his warning and Christmas were trying ones for the sacristan. Each morning the old man came in after Mass and enquired anxiously if the missing object had been found. Clement would shake his head and say, "It's a very, very safe place, I'm afraid, Mr. Moriarty." And Mr. Moriarty would sigh and say, "That's the worst of them 'safe places.' You'll have another good look, won't you, Clemmy my boy? St. Antony's never let me down yet."

**B**UT it seemed that St. Antony was about to do so at last. Mr. Moriarty got hold of Clement after con-

fessions on Christmas Eve, and put his question, anxiously—just a shade anxiously. St. Antony was not going to let him down, but it was being a near thing!

Clement shook his head. He drew the curtain aside and gave Mr. Moriarty a private view of the manger with the new Infant in its swaddling bands. Very tender and appealing, but totally ineffective, as far as the present onlooker was concerned.

**O**LD Mr. Moriarty gazed in silence—a long silence. Then he spoke brave words.

"Maybe St. Antony will find Him before I go," he said. "There's three days yet. But I would have liked Him to be there for Christmas Day."

Clem saw the tears running down his cheeks. It went near to spoiling his Christmas for him.

The congregation of St. Perpetua's, as a whole, approved of the new Baby. They realized that the other had had its day. On the feast of the Holy Innocents Pat Moriarty came to Mass for the last time. He was to be fetched away that afternoon. Clem Mittelson found him kneeling before the Crib, and swallowed down the tears in his throat. St. Antony had let Mr. Moriarty down; or, rather, he, Clem Mittelson, had. But he had done it for the best.

Then and there an idea flashed into the sacristan's head. This time it was a real brain-wave. He went over and touched the old man's shoulder.

"If we find him between this and the octave of Epiphany," he whispered, "I'll come along and fetch you in my side-car."

He had already worked out the plot in his mind. The priest would be away for a day or two during the Christmas holidays. It would be easy to place the original figure in the manger for an hour or two and let poor old Moriarty visit the Crib under its old conditions. It was not a plot in which he would have dared involve the parish priest, but the latter would be safely out of the way. The priest had a terribly fair and square way of looking at things, and, in a sense, poor old Moriarty's leg was going to be pulled.

Mr. Moriarty's blurred and damaged old countenance brightened at the suggestion. He rose to the offer eagerly, albeit that the notion of being whisked along in the tin bath tub attached to Clemmy's motor bike was a fearsome one. But Pat Moriarty

would have been ready to ride pillion to achieve his heart's desire.

Later in the day Mrs. Cripps bore her charge away in the tramcar and train to his new home on the other side of London.

Next day the sacristan took himself, somewhat shamefacedly, to the safe place where the little discarded image had been packed away. He wanted to make sure that it was all right before developing his plot. He stood surveying an empty space where the packing case had stood! What did it mean? Had St. Antony been taking a revenge on him? Or, rather, very thoughtfully substantiating his fictitious insinuation? A few hours later the mystery solved itself quite simply. On asking Deborah, the housekeeper, if by any chance she happened to know what had become of the waxen Baby the answer was: "Why, yes, of course. Didn't Mr. Mittleston know that the priest had given it to the missionary nuns to send out to their blacks?" And a lot of good it would do, Deborah opined, for it

was sure to get smashed in the post, going all that distance, however carefully it was packed.

"Well, it's gone anyway," Clem said sorrowfully. "Poor old Moriarty!"

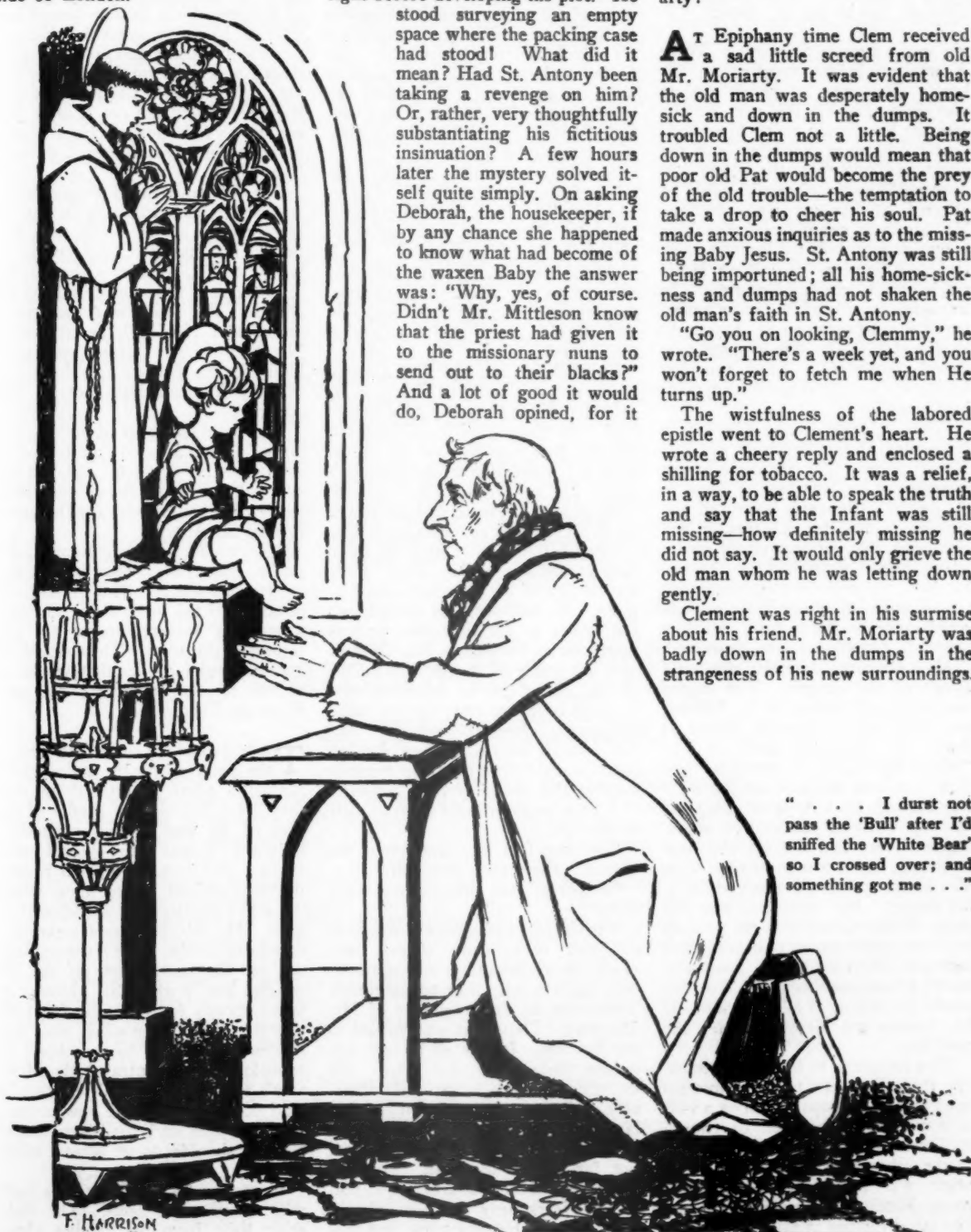
**A**T Epiphany time Clem received a sad little screed from old Mr. Moriarty. It was evident that the old man was desperately homesick and down in the dumps. It troubled Clem not a little. Being down in the dumps would mean that poor old Pat would become the prey of the old trouble—the temptation to take a drop to cheer his soul. Pat made anxious inquiries as to the missing Baby Jesus. St. Antony was still being importuned; all his home-sickness and dumps had not shaken the old man's faith in St. Antony.

"Go you on looking, Clemmy," he wrote. "There's a week yet, and you won't forget to fetch me when He turns up."

The wistfulness of the labored epistle went to Clem's heart. He wrote a cheery reply and enclosed a shilling for tobacco. It was a relief, in a way, to be able to speak the truth and say that the Infant was still missing—how definitely missing he did not say. It would only grieve the old man whom he was letting down gently.

Clement was right in his surmise about his friend. Mr. Moriarty was badly down in the dumps in the strangeness of his new surroundings.

" . . . I durst not pass the 'Bull' after I'd sniffed the 'White Bear' so I crossed over; and something got me . . ."





Every morning he went out to Mass at the strange new church—it was on the same side of the busy high road or Mrs. Cripps would not have let him venture alone amongst the traffic. Every afternoon he went again for his visit, and to jog St. Antony.

**I**T was a strange St. Antony. There was no infant standing on his book. This was no revolt against conventionality on the part of the designer but merely owing to an accident. A block of moulding from the pillar had fallen on the figure and damaged it and until repairs could be effected St. Antony was childless. Mr. Moriarty might have taken it as a punishment inflicted on the saint for his dilatoriness in getting Moriarty's own Christ-child returned (he was quite capable of it) but as a matter of fact he accepted St. Antony as he found him—in this strange new church where Our Lady was flat against the wall, and had an Egyptian look about her.

When it came to the day before the octave of the Epiphany old Mr. Moriarty crept out as usual in the afternoon. He was feeling down in the depths. Clemmy's letter had disappointed him, for all that it had contained the shilling postal order which Mrs. Cripps had just cashed for him, not without misgivings, for Grand-dad with money in his pockets could come to harm from which a penniless Grand-dad was preserved.

Mr. Moriarty himself was well aware of the danger. The money was going, of course, to St. Antony, but there was a gnawing desire to drink St. Antony's health. The "White Bear"—not to mention "The Bull"—poured radiance on the highway between the Cripps's turning and that upon which the church stood. Never before had the craving been so strong, and it was some time since Mr. Moriarty had the wherewithal in his pocket. But there was one day more. Young Clement might turn up with the good news tomorrow and bear him off to see a little Jesus who would be smiling this year. Yes, He would be smiling, if all went well—if St. Antony got his shilling for the poor box.

That happened to be the very same day that Clement's parish priest invited him to accompany him on a visit to a very fine specimen of church architecture in a poor neighborhood at the other side of London. The priest was interested in educating young Mittleson in ecclesiastical art. The latter jumped at the offer eagerly

for it happened to be the very church which Mr. Moriarty would be attending, and quite near to his new home. He could pay the old man a visit at the same time and cheer him up a bit.

So it fell out that Clement Mittleson and his pastor found themselves in the broad and busy thoroughfare off which ran the street where the Catholic church which people came miles to see stood. It proved not too easy to find, but Clement had consulted his map and knew that they were not far out.

Suddenly he caught sight of a familiar figure. "Why, there's old Mr. Moriarty," he cried. "He'll guide us all right. He's sure to be going to church to say his prayers."

At the moment, however, it looked uncommonly as if the old gentleman in question was going elsewhere. He had wheeled round and was gazing meditatively at the door of the "White Bear," a hostelry of alluring appearance. He moved slowly in its direction. Clem's heart quailed within him. He thought of the shilling for tobacco and trembled lest he should have put temptation in the old man's way. The priest had failed to catch sight of him. Now he had got mixed up in a crowd of pedestrians.

They hastened their pace but when they passed the "White Bear" there was no sign of Mr. Moriarty ahead of them. He had probably turned into the tavern at the time that he was momentarily invisible. But Clement was not going to suggest this to the priest. He might be mistaken, and it would be taking away the old man's character. He could only pray that not enough of the shilling for tobacco would be left to go far towards making Pat Moriarty "not himself."

A short walk brought them to their destination.

"We may find Mr. Moriarty in the church," Clem said, hopefully.

"Possibly," the other said—very drily.

The church, a magnificent structure equipped with many chapels and much mural decoration and statuary, took quite a long time to go round. There was no sign anywhere of Mr. Moriarty. The priest was thrilled to the marrow. It was all in such exquisite taste. As for Clem, his thoughts kept returning to old Moriarty. He prayed that he might find him at his home, safe and sober! Mrs. Cripps's address was in a street not far off on the map. He also prayed that Mr. Moriarty might not, as was fearsomely possible, take in the church on his way home and pre-

sent himself to the priest's cold blue eye in a condition calculated to give scandal.

Not many minutes afterwards the identical thing which he had dreaded came to pass. The swinging door at the end of the church opened and Patrick Moriarty entered. He entered with a shaky and uncertain gait. There was mud on his coat. The only prayer left to Clement was that the priest might not notice him. He certainly would not call his attention to his former parishioner if it could be avoided.

The old man wended his precarious way along the south aisle in the direction of a statue which they had not so far inspected. Of course, it would be St. Antony. They themselves were at the opposite side of the church. The priest was discoursing on mosaics. Suddenly he remarked: "By the way, we haven't seen what kind of a St. Antony they have got. It may be something out of the common."

"I caught sight of it in the distance," Clem said. "As far as I could see it was St. Antony. But I'm not sure—there was no Baby," he added, hastily. He had no wish for the priest to visit St. Antony.

"Sounds unconventional," the priest remarked, with relish, and started to make an oblique line in the direction of the south aisle. Clement dropped a fervent prayer as they traversed the nave. They would be gentle, forgiving eyes that would be turned on the staggering old man from the Tabernacle.

**T**HEY gained the south aisle just at the point where the statue stood against a pillar. Approaching thus they got a full view in profile of the face of the man who was kneeling before it. It was a dirt-stained countenance, and matched in that respect the mud-stained figure upon which the votive candles were shedding their light. Mr. Moriarty was wearing a dazed expression. His eyes were fixed not on the statue, but on the big wooden box in which St. Antony collected money for the poor from his clients. The insinuating slot was hidden from view by an object of some kind. It concentrated Mr. Moriarty's attention so completely that he paid no attention to the new-comers, who, stepping up behind him, craned over his shoulder to see what it might be that he was looking at.

It was the waxen image of a Babe with outstretched arms. The flickering light from the candles above

seemed to make a play of expression on the little shiny waxen countenance. There was no mistake about it being the missing Christ-child. It could be identified by the blemishes which had led to its discarding. Old Moriarty was saying something out loud. He prayed in that manner:

"I knew St. Antony wouldn't let me down. But it's been a near thing, Lord God Almighty. I've kept the pledge since Ash Wednesday but it was mortal hard getting past the 'White Bear.' I had to cross the road afore I came to the 'Bull,' for I got half into the door of the 'White Bear,' only I came out again, Glory be to God; but I durst not pass the 'Bull' after I'd sniffed the 'White Bear' so I crossed over; and something got me. They wanted me to go to the 'orspital but I said as I wasn't hurt. It's all right, now You're smiling. You smiled once afore, when I'd kept straight a whole year. I knew You'd be smiling. But it was a near thing. I've got the shilling for St. Antony all right, but You're sitting where I want to put it."

**T**HE old man clasped the rail and leant over, stretching out his right arm. Something fell from his

trembling hand onto the hand of the little Christ. It was a coin. Then Clement's companion sprang forward and caught the mud-bespattered form in his arms as it fell heavily sideways.

With infinite tenderness and reverence the priest laid the unconscious man on the bench.

"We must get him into a cab," he said. His face was as white as that of the man whom he was tending. "Look, here's a nasty cut at the back of his head. He must have been knocked down."

Mr. Moriarty opened his eyes. "It was a near thing," he murmured, "a near thing," the reflection of a smile of divine sweetness flickered over his face, "but I dodged the 'Bull'—and St. Antony didn't let me down."

They took him home to Mrs. Cripps in a taxi, and sent for a doctor. It was chiefly shock, the latter said, but at the patient's age shock was enough to produce fatal results. The old man might live a day or two.

It was when they were going back in the taxi to inform Mr. Moriarty's parish priest that the former would be requiring Food for his journey that the mysterious appearance of the missing image of the Divine Child was adverted to.

The local rector explained it in the most matter-of-fact way. The good nuns had asked his permission to pass it on, as it was too fragile for sending out abroad, to a church where, they heard, there had been an accident to the statue of St. Antony. They had evidently carried out their kind intention, but whether they had employed a simple-minded messenger who had delivered the gift straight to the saint himself, or whether the recipients had gone to the length of testing whether a waxen image could be grafted onto a marble one, and had then left it sitting on St. Antony's alms box, pending its relegation to another "safe place," remained to be proved. The former solution seemed the most probable.

**W**ITH the candle-light playing on it, it did give one the idea that it was smiling," Clement observed, with some diffidence. He was feeling that his pastor was suspecting him of having credited an intervention of the miraculous when St. Antony produced the missing Babe.

The priest had his jaw set very square. He eyed Clement fairly and squarely.

"But He *did* smile," he said.

## Carol of the Magi

By JOHN BUNKER

**N**OW what shall I take to the bonny Babe?  
Now what shall I choose it be?  
The gold of honor and worldly pride—  
This shall I take with me."

And so Balthazar, the agéd wight  
With hair and beard so gray,  
Took up the gold of the false world's pride  
Before the Babe to lay.

But who is this he meets in the night  
Riding so fast and free,  
With curling beard and red, red lips  
And swarthy skin to see?

"Oh, what dost thou bring to the tiny Child?  
Oh, what dost thou bring with thee?"  
"The frankincense I was wont to use  
For my body's joy," quoth he.

A mile, a mile they barely rode,  
A mile but barely one,  
When came abreast of their bridle-rein  
A man seemed all foredone.

"To lay before the blessed Babe  
This bitter myrrh I bring—  
As bitter and dark and subtle, I wot,  
As Tophet's fearful king."

And so they followed the golden star  
Far, far in the night  
Until they came to the stable-door  
Where they did down alight.

And there before the Infant King  
All on His mother's knee  
They spread their gifts upon the ground  
As He smiled upon the three.

**N**OW Jesu, grant us heart of grace,  
Queen Mary, guard us well,  
Against the world, the lust of the flesh,  
And Satan, king of Hell.

For we are Christian men and true  
And we right merry shall be  
If the bonny Babe but smile on us  
As once on the holy three.



# The Catholic Church and The Science of Man

Being the FIFTH of TWELVE Articles Answering  
the Question, *Can an Intelligent Man be an honestly  
Convinced Catholic in the Twentieth Century?*

By HILAIRE BELLOC

**I**N the supposed conflict between Catholic doctrine and ascertained scientific fact there is a large group which falls not under purely physical or material science but under the sciences of biology and anthropology—that is the science of life and the science of man: the body of certainly ascertained facts concerning the action and nature of living beings, particularly of man, and the body of ascertained facts on man's religious habits and customs.

I shall take in this department two main examples which are those perhaps most commonly advanced:

First: The supposed conflict between biology and the Catholic doctrine of immortality.

Secondly: The supposed conflict between the Divine origin of the Catholic Sacramental System and the ascertained fact that similar or parallel practices and ideas are to be discovered scattered throughout the general history of mankind.

## A Typical Difficulty

**T**HE supposed quarrel between the doctrine of immortality and the science of biology is the less important of the two, it affects less numbers and is the more easily disposed of. Therefore I take it first. But it is typical of the whole group of other imaginary difficulties of our time.

What the Catholic doctrine of immortality is needs no long definition because most non-Catholics are still familiar with it. Even when they themselves no longer believe in it they have been surrounded by those who do, and have been probably brought up by those who do. It is perhaps the one Catholic doctrine which has survived most strongly since the ship-wreck of Christendom at the Reformation. The doctrine is that the body of man is informed by

a rational soul. The two are not wholly separate things. Man is only man in a combination of the two; but of the two the one—the soul—can exist without the other, the body, though only in the ultimate reunion of the two does the complete human being reappear, even in beatitude. This supplementary doctrine (called The Resurrection of the Flesh) is not, however, for the moment our concern; we are concerned with the doctrine that when the body has ceased to function, when there is no life left in it and it proceeds to decay like any other material organism, the rational soul which informed it lives on. Its personal identity is not lost. In plain English, "You and I" continue to live after death.

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

**I**N his present article Mr. Belloc continues his series on the Conflicts of Catholicism with a study of Catholic Doctrine in its relation to Anthropology, especially stressing the subject of Evolution. In his next article he proceeds to treat of historical objections to the Church based chiefly on studies of the New Testament and the history of the Papacy.

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Now it is a scientifically ascertained fact, as old as any human thought upon these things and far older than any record, that man as we know him functions through the body. His imagination, his will, his power of receiving impressions and retaining them, of expressing them in speech, of reasoning upon them, are not only concomitant with, but are, in common experience, inseparable from, the material substance of

the body. If you knock him on the head and stun him those functions which (conversationally) we call "spiritual" functions cease. If you only hurt his head one or the other—his memory, for instance—may be damaged. A disturbance of the body of any sort creates some corresponding disturbance in some one or all of them. With the decline of his body they decline. It should seem, on the analogy of all our common experience, that, with the cessation of the body, the so-called spiritual functions cease also.

## Of Immemorial Antiquity

**W**E have here, as in the case of the Real Presence which we were recently examining, a quarrel not between Catholic Doctrine and some recently ascertained scientific fact, but between such doctrine and a scientific fact of immemorial antiquity.

In all times there have been those who denied the possibility of what are called spiritual activities without a body to promote or accompany them, or possibly (as the more extreme would put it), to create them, just as there have been those who deny transcendental power over matter. There is indeed this difference between the one doctrine and the other, that for the Real Presence, unless we admit certain very rare historical miracles to have taken place, there is no external evidence in support of that doctrine, whereas there is a vast mass of ascertained fact which may be adduced in support of the existence of the soul independently of the body: from the beginning of time men have had experience of visions of the dead, communications from the dead and more generally a sort of intuition that they themselves would live on and that



those whom they had seen pass lived on. Burials and prayers and narratives of apparitions abound in this sense.

### A Part of Faith

**T**O such evidence it may be replied that all are illusions. But the doctrine of immortality does not rely upon evidence of this sort. Its rational basis is founded in the fact that the mind conceives general ideas, can compare them, and recognizes them to be independent of matter. But this does not of itself *prove* immortality: it only suggests a difference between soul and body. The idea of immortality has been arrived at independently of the Catholic Church, but as Catholic doctrine it is part of faith, not of immediately demonstrable things. You cannot say to a man who denies immortality that he is foregoing the use of his reason, as you can say it to a man who denies a mathematical proposition or a piece of daily ascertainable physical experience.

In other words, this doctrine, like the bulk of Catholic doctrine, is a thing which you accept or reject according to your mood. If you accept the authority of the Catholic Church you necessarily accept the doctrine of immortality however improbable it may seem to you or however little you may be able to realize it. If you do not accept the authority of the Catholic Church you may accept or reject the doctrine of immortality indifferently. But our point is: Does the accumulation of later and especially modern scientifically ascertained facts make it certain that the so-called spiritual activities are necessarily dependent upon the body? Do recent scientific discoveries even render immortality less and less probable as their volume increases with research?

It is clear that no such accumulation can have any such effect, and for this reason: That it is no more than an addition in degree, not in kind, to facts established from immemorial times.

Let it be discovered, for instance, that a particular material function, a particular area of the brain, is invariably connected with a particular spiritual function. Let it be proved of 500 such connections where a century ago it could be proved of but a few, and several centuries ago of only one—the main fact is that the brain is directly connected with thought. The five hundred, or the few, or the one, are exactly of the same kind. They do not add to the force of the argu-

ment which remains what it has always been, to wit; that interference with the material frame can demonstrably produce a corresponding interference with spiritual action.

Again, you make certain, by repeated experiment, that a particular drug, produced by the aid of modern chemistry and unknown before the advent of modern science, affects the will in this or that fashion: or suspends the memory, or warps the judgment. That is no more and no less an argument against the independent existence of the soul (and therefore its possible immortality) than the equally demonstrable fact that a herb in use thousands of years ago had effects of the same kind.

Those who are unduly impressed by the evidence of modern research in the matter suffer from a confusion of thought. They are not, as they imagine, more rational than those who oppose them, but less. Because the discovery is recent, because it forms part of that great advance in material science which is the mark and glory of our age, it has a prestige which older knowledge of precisely the same kind has not. Suppose a man says: "Of course it was always known that an excess of alcohol would warp the judgment; but today we can be certain that the judgment is a material phenomenon and will cease with the body, because a certain drug, produced only the other day, warps the judgment in a particular fashion." That man is reasoning at random. He is not considering the logical process to which he is committing himself. If he were to set down that process in black and white he would perceive the fallacy of it. He is saying, in effect: "We always knew that A produced B but now here is more certitude because we still find A producing B."

You are not more certain of the action of the drug than your remote forefathers were certain of the action of wine, or than your still more remote forefathers were certain of the effect of a knock on the head with a club. The problem remains, and must necessarily remain, the same, no matter what accumulation in proof of the same kind is adduced.

### A Parallel

**H**ERE is a parallel with which I will conclude. There is a lake in North Africa which tastes like sea water, though it has no discoverable connection with the sea. Two men dispute upon the origin of this lake. One says: "It has been left behind

by the retreat of the sea and the raising of the land, otherwise it would not be sea water." The other says: "No. I grant you it is of the same substance as sea water. It is sea water. But it did not originate with the sea outside, its salts have come, as in the case of the sea, from the perpetual influx of salt-bearing rivers, and the evaporation through long ages of pure water." If the first man were to proceed to a close analysis of the water of the lake and prove it by modern chemical methods to be sea water, he would not advance his argument by a hair's breadth. His opponent admits the identity, but he ascribes it to a different cause; and mere addition of proof to what is already admitted is always beside the mark.

### Anthropology

**L**ET me pass to the second division: the idea that modern Anthropology destroys the Catholic scheme.

The argument from Anthropology that the Catholic Sacramental System is but a man-made thing without Divine Sanction, though false, is far stronger and merits more respect than the materialist argument against immortality. To begin with, it is an argument really drawn from modern scientific research, and owing its strength entirely to that recent advance in man's knowledge. Next it has a cogent force upon the imagination. Indeed, until the rebutting argument has been heard, most men will regard that force as invincible.

Briefly the argument is this: Man, in very many places and at very many times, has expressed his religious aspirations and fears—that is, his desire to enter into relation with the unseen powers whom he worships—by methods some of which seem nearly identical with, many of which are parallel to, the methods present in the Catholic Sacramental System. He has used illustration of various kinds by way of initiation into religious mysteries, and by way of purification from sin: the Catholic Sacrament of Baptism is but one more example of this common but man-made fiction. He has instituted sacred meals, he has acted on the idea of some Divine influence entering material substances, he has practised what the folk-lore-ists call "Sineating." He has also practised communion through a sacred meal. The Catholic Sacrament of the Eucharist is but one more example of this common but man-made fiction.

To these ascertained, fully demon-

strated, and therefore scientific facts there has been added a mass of floating hypothesis which is not fact at all. For instance the idea has been put forward that these sacramental ideas are stronger in undeveloped savage minds than in fully developed civilized minds. (To call the one developed and the other undeveloped, by the way, is in itself a begging of the question.) So has the theory that all such things are ultimately connected with the harvest, etc., etc. These theories do not concern us; for in the first place, like so many so-called "scientific" statements, they fail and succeed each other perpetually, they have no demonstrated value and, much more important, they do not affect the root of the question. This root of the question is: If, as you Catholics say, your sacramental system is something unique, of Divine institution and Divine effect, how is it that we have everywhere discovered, through our recent advances in knowledge that similar things, man-made, flourishing universally, or almost universally in the past and the present?

Men brought up in the sacramental system without knowledge of these external parallels to it, and hearing of them for the first time, receive a strong impression towards the statement implied in the question I have just quoted. They say to themselves: "I never knew this. It certainly is a powerful argument against the Divine origin of what I had hitherto taken to be the special mark of my religion."

#### Modern But Not New

**B**EFORE we go further let us note in connection with this controversy a very important point. This challenge, thrown down by anthropologists to the Catholic affirmation of the Divine origin of the Catholic Sacramental System (and especially to the Eucharist) though modern, is no longer new. In its essentials it is older than the memory of any man now living. It did come in comparatively recent times, in the generation which began to flourish rather more than a century but less than a century and a half ago. But it no longer has the effect of shock. It has already been tested sufficiently by time to be showing the effects of that test. Now it will be remarked that any new statement fairly supported by evidence, or deduced with apparent reason from evidence, suffers one of two things under the effect of time. Either

it is confirmed in men's minds until it becomes universal and unquestioned because its spread and its taking root depend only on its getting a hearing, or it gradually weakens under the effect of time because, while the new facts are true, the theories based upon them are false and time gives men the opportunity to sift and discover the fallacy.

#### Two Examples

**A**N example of this effect of time is the doctrine of the earth's motion. It was a true theory founded on ascertained new facts. When it appeared it came as a shock. It was therefore so violently denied that to men like Luther it seemed an intolerable blasphemy; but within two hundred years it was universally accepted. An example of the opposite is Darwin's exploded theory of natural selection as the cause of differentiation in living beings. It was based on a mass of new facts which were undoubtedly true; it swept the board for something like a lifetime; it was almost universally taken for granted. But time gave men the opportunity to examine the fallacy and today it is exploded. The facts of evolution remain unshaken. The theory invented to explain them has failed.

Now the fallacy underlying the denial of Divine origin to the Catholic Sacramental System on account of its parallelism with other systems has not yet gone through these last stages of dissolution, but it is remarkable that it is in process of doing so. The idea has not confirmed itself with time; it has weakened with time. When it first appeared it seemed invincible and it swept the board. Then answer and discussion and reflection came in, and the fallacy was apparent to some, dimly appreciated by others, but became gradually more and more recognized.

The fallacy was this: Because of a number of similar things, all save one, are of the same origin; therefore, that one will also be of the same origin. It is not a logical or necessary conclusion.

For instance: I find thirty drawings of heads framed on a wall. I discover, now of one, now of another, that it is not a portrait of any particular person drawn from a model, but an ideal head drawn by the artist. After many such discoveries I affirm that the last one on the left *must* be of the same sort as the rest, being drawn by the same hand in the same manner, and I say, "That

also is no more a portrait than the rest." But a man comes and says, "I beg your pardon; it is a portrait of my father." Is he certainly wrong? Is his statement necessarily irrational and absurd? By no means. It *may* be a portrait or it may not. The fallacy in any positive assertion that it is *not* a portrait should be obvious. You may find other reasons for disbelieving the man or for believing him, but the mere fact that the portrait is one of a series of which the others are not portraits is insufficient to make certain that it is only an ideal head like the rest.

#### Authority of the Church

**S**o it is with the Catholic Sacramental System.

If you deny that the Catholic Church is of Divine origin and has Divine authority, naturally you take her sacramental system, like everything else about her, to be man-made. But what of the person who accepts the authority and Divine origin of the Catholic Church? You may differ from him when he says that his particular Sacramental System is divine. You may think him wrong. But how is his attitude irrational? If he begins with that affirmation of certitude, in the Divinity of Catholic authority, how does this parallel between much in the mass of other religious institutions and his own sacramental system stand?

Why, thus: "Religions apply to man. They satisfy the needs of man. The most false and odious of them is still a groping of man towards the truth. Man in the exercise of his religious activities will presumably behave (within wide limits) after more or less similar fashions. Let a Divine and true religion appear among men, and the religious habits conformable to human nature, the institutions which the creature, made in the image of his Creator, seeks for, will be present in that true religion also. Many Saviors have been imagined, it does not follow that there is not one true Savior. Many attributes of God have been worshipped as God, so have many and distorted images of him. This is not because there is no God, but because there is a God.

So it is with the Sacramental System. And it is to be observed that now after three generations of this powerful form of attack its effect is ebbing. It is ebbing because time is having upon it the effect I have described.

*Fun & Philosophy: History & Tragedy*



# My Card-Index on the Loose

*The Fifth of  
Twelve Chapters*

By JOHN GIBBONS

**H**AVING passed through Armies to Navies, we might as well perhaps go on with Explorers. And the moment we begin, we find out that practically the entire world, North, South, East and West, has been discovered by Catholic effort. The very first Bishop of America, they say, was a Norwegian. Greenland was in his Viking Diocese, and it took in the outlying places like Vinland (which they say is Maine) and Helleland (our Labrador) and Markland (Newfoundland). The Catholic Church in fact had discovered America without knowing it. And the next Bishop that we had there a few centuries later had a See almost equally vague. Down in Florida it was, and it was supposed to include just everything there was. Nothing could possibly have been more truly "catholic."

And when we come to geography more serious, we find precisely the same thing. The Catholic Church had got to the farthest East by land, centuries before any military or naval or trade road was known. By as early as 536 we have the tale of silk being first introduced into Europe. It was brought from the "Indies" (which probably meant China) to Constantinople, and it was two monks who brought it. And we have got Marco Polo and Friar Odoric and simply scores more of monks and friars all through the centuries as travelling into the very furthest Unknown East.

And for centuries our wise men laughed at them as imaginative liars. The stories they brought back were so ridiculously impossible. And in the last fifty years of serious geographical history we have just begun to find out that their stories, allowing for the language and exaggeration of the times, were all practically true. Even the child's romance of Sinbad the Sailor and his wonder-

ful Rocs picking up huge stones in their claws really had an existence. It is some sort of vulture creature somewhere, and it was a missionary monk who told us about it.

## The Order of Christ

**T**RAVEL took time in those days. Half a lifetime or so was nothing out of the ordinary from Rome to Mongolia and back, and we read that accidents occasionally happened. One traveller, for instance, coming back after fifty years or so, reported to his confessor a matter lying gravely on his conscience. He had had to pretend to be a Mohammedan and actually had married as such, his real wife being still alive at home in Europe. With such a matter the priest could not deal, and eventually the traveller went to the Pope. And part of his penance was that he should spend the bulk of the rest of his life in writing down the fullest account of his journeyings. And so we have one of the most interesting of the ancient travel books.

Time went by, and with the eruptions from the North of the savage Khans and their hordes of Tartars the over-land route to the East was closed and finally destroyed. If Europeans were to get there again, it must be by sea. And so we have the Order of Christ (which some scholars say was a kind of revival of the still more ancient Order of the Knights Templar) financing trip after trip down the West Coast of Africa. Portugal was then, of course, the great maritime power, and from Sagres, which is between Cape St. Vincent and Lagos (where the British Fleet on Manuevres often puts in) Prince Henry of Portugal, in the monkish garb which he always wore, directed and led expedition after expedition into the Unknown South.

No shadow of doubt exists about his motives. "It is certain that the

master motive which animated the Navigator was neither scientific nor commercial nor political, although it involved the extension of knowledge, of trade, and of the Portuguese kingdom. It was essentially religious. Before all else, Prince Henry was a crusader; the rest was a side issue of his crusading enterprises. In all likelihood the idea of a seaway to India never entered his mind; he was absorbed in the desire to emulate his patron St. Louis by breaking the power of heathendom and securing the triumph of the Cross." I have copied this at length not from any Catholic book of reference, but from the leading scholar's work on the subject, K. G. Jayne, "Vasco da Gama and His Successors." (Methuen, Ltd., London, 1910.)

## What Is a Beatus?

**I**F we look up the foundation charter of the Order of Christ which was financing the explorers we find just the same story. It was actually the "Order of Chivalry of Our Lord Jesus Christ" and it was founded "for the defence of the Faith, the Discomfiture of the Moors, and the Extension of the Portuguese Monarchy." And year after year the Order would send out its expeditions, each pushing a little further south down the African Coast. In museums as far afield as Cape Town in South Africa, Lisbon in Portugal, and Kiel in Germany, we can find preserved the relics of the *padroes* or great crosses which each exploring captain set up at the limit of his particular trip. Until at last in 1497, Vasco da Gama of the Order of Christ and his captains having first kept Vigil all night in the Chapel of Our Lady of Belem (which means Bethlehem) on the Tagus set out in the Sao Gabriel and the Sao Raphael and rounded the Cape of Good Hope and so reached the East by sea.



It is the same story all the way through whichever way we choose to turn. What is a *Beatus*? It is one of the Maps attached to a Commentary on the Apocalypse written by a Spanish monk called Beatus at the end of the eighteenth century, and we cannot read much about the history of the science of map-making without running into this monk and his Beatus maps. Why is the Amazon River in South America so called? Because in the seventeenth century a Father Giovanni Cavazzi heard stories about negro Amazon women in the Congo country of Africa (and the stories turned out later to be perfectly true and there were Amazon women and we called the place Dahomey) and then another missionary, Father Gili, in South America, hearing the same story called his part of the world by the imposing name of Amazonia.

#### First at Niagara

WHO was the first white man to see Niagara Falls? Another missionary, of course, Father Regue-neau of the Society of Jesus. And so we could go on almost for ever. And while we are at it, just one more question. Who was the very first Englishman ever to live in India? Jesuit again. Father Thomas Stephens, S.J. He sailed from Lisbon to Goa in 1579, and a year or so later we have a letter from him to his people in England, and the Society had sent him on the Indian mission and he would be very grateful indeed for any news from home. And I do think that the gentlemen who write the Dictionary of National Biography might have included his name. But perhaps they thought it would not be proper, seeing that he was a Jesuit.

Whichever way we turn, the same thing happens. America we have seen, and Australia, and if we turn to Africa we can see the Order of Christ and Dom Diego Cao trying to set up a Christian Kingdom of "Kongo" in 1482. And in one of the old histories of navigation there is a curious picture of a priest saying Mass in the middle of a Congo village. The naked native chieftains were made "knights" and "Doms" and "Dukes" in the process of this attempt at establishing a civilization, much on the same principle as "Duke Christ!" was an early mediaeval swear-word, "Duke" being the very highest term that the peasant of the day could imagine. By 1506 Father Joano dos Santos had actually writ-

ten his History of Eastern Ethiopia. East, it was the same, and in 1661 the Jesuit Fathers Grueber and D'Orville had reached India by way of Thibet, a journey which it is very doubtful indeed has even by 1930 been repeated.

The Papal Bull of Alexander VI of May 4th, 1493, dividing the world between the Catholic Kingdoms of Spain and Portugal is, of course, well known to every school-child. Only as the boundary in the then state of geographical mathematics was a little vague, a new division was made by Pope Julius II by a Bull of January 24, 1506. And it is on the strength of this that Brazil alone of all South America is Portuguese-speaking and that Spain took the Malaccas in the Far East. But there is another Papal Grant concerning Africa that is not nearly so well known. In March, 1456, Pope Calixtus III conceded to the Order of Christ the spiritual jurisdiction "of all lands beyond Cape Non throughout all Guinea." In no corner of the globe can we get away from the fact that the Catholic Church was there first.

Even if we turn to the North Pole it is just the same. When the "Norge" airship was on her flight of a couple of years or so back, she carried with her a little picture of Our Lady. And Pius XI in an audience given to Senator Mangiagalli, the Mayor of Milan, confided the fact that all the time that the "Norge" was away he was, as an Italian proud of Italy's airship, praying daily for her success. While on the subject, I have by the way another little airship tale.

#### Chesterfield Inlet

IN July, 1897, there started Andrée's famous attempt to reach the North Pole in a balloon. It went off with a tremendous flourish of trumpets from the world's press, and then silence. The thing was never heard of again. Only was it not? There is a Mission Station at Chesterfield Inlet in Hudson's Bay, and it had in charge a Father Turquetil. And years later on his return to civilization the Father came out with an odd little story. Some of his Eskimo converts told of the shooting of a strange white man "by mistake." And curiously enough they went on to tell about some "white iron" and "red iron" that had been found near where the mysterious "mistake" occurred. And when Father Turquetil came to reckon up dates, this might have been Andrée and a balloon coming down in the frozen wilderness. And the

"white" aluminum and "red" copper might easily have been stolen and then for fear of being found out they would kill the distracted explorer.

Only the tale being some years after the flight and all the newspapers having turned to other interests, and the tale being told by a mere Catholic missionary who had spent his life up there and therefore was hopelessly out of touch with newspaper offices, the story never got any particular publicity and next to nobody ever heard of it. And perhaps it is easier to believe that Andrée simply vanished into nothing than to swallow a cock-and-bull story of a priest.

#### "No Natives Left"

UNDER Explorer Cards are a few odds-and-ends of notes about the Natives. Nobody today for instance has ever heard of "John of India." He was a native interpreter to a Franciscan Mission who got massacred in 1339, and no doubt the surviving Franciscans remembered him in their prayers. And then there was "Paul," just plain Paul. And he was the very first Catholic out of the Patagonians or "Big Feet." When Magellan was trying to get round the blizzards of Cape Horn and to find a way to the East, he took some Patagonians on board. And this man died and before he died they got him to kiss the Cross. And on the strength of that they landed at great risk to their little boats and dug a grave and gave him Christian burial under the name of "Paul."

Every Protestant "history" ever written, of course, stresses the brutality to the natives of the early Catholic explorers, only the Protestant books are not always quite true. If they were true, it would be an odd little question why under Latin and Catholic Christendom the "natives" are still there, all flourishing exceedingly, and why under Anglo-Saxon Protestantism there simply are next to no "natives" left, unless especially kept in "reservations" and the like. According to the scholars' standard work on Brazil (Roy Nash, p. 157) "by the eighteenth century there were not only black priests but black bishops in Brazil." But I have no notes of any Red Bishops in North America. Certainly there were no Black Bishops in Anglo-Saxon Australia. For under Protestantism there are no natives left at all in Tasmania and very few indeed in all Australia. Oddly enough, they simply disappeared as the white man wanted their lands.

It was not, of course, by any means all perfect under the Latin explorers. With fierce men attracted at the risk of their lives across the unknown seas in quest of adventure and gold, one can hardly have expected an immaculate treatment of conquered natives. But wherever the adventurer went, the Church went too, and wherever there was ill treatment instant protest was made. At the very end of the fourteen hundreds the Portuguese got to India, and by 1515 the Dominicans had set up their Brotherhood of Mercy in Goa with branches in every other trading centre for the especial protection of the natives against injustice.

### "Board of Conscience"

**I**N South America precisely the same thing happened. There was a "Board of Conscience" erected in Lisbon with the particular object of looking after native interests and preventing them from being exploited. In this connection one of my cards records an oddity. All the very old travel books tell of one very horrible custom that obtained under the Incas of Peru. They used to shape human heads. They would take a baby and put its soft head into a mould so that it grew up a monstrosity with a skull in triangle shape or some such form. I have a note of 1585 where the Synod of Lima absolutely prohibits the practice. It has of course been extinct now for centuries, though archaeologists occasionally come upon traces of it in some tomb or other.

Then down in what was called Amazonia, the Jesuits (who by the way worked out a new language to be common for all the Indian tribes. And when they sent the Wicked Jesuits away the language became extinct and the Indians relapsed into their previous state of Babel) forbade the common custom of the whites calling the Indians "Negroes." One wishes that they could have forbidden it too in Anglo-Saxondom, where the Londoner of even today generally refers to his fellow-subject of India as a "nigger."

Slavery did, of course, exist under Catholicism and there is no earthly sense in saying that it did not. For one at least of our Saints was a slave—St. Benedict the Black—born in Sicily of Negro slave parents, and died in 1589. But all through history the Church is protesting against the thing. There is Benedict XIV ordering better treatment for the Indians

of Brazil and Paraguay, and then in 1639 Pope Urban VIII is forbidding anyone to enslave an Indian, whether converted or not. And the Edict was unpopular and there were riots and the Jesuits were expelled from Sao Paulo. From somewhere, by the way, I have picked up a stray note that the slavers used to dress up as Jesuit priests to do their work, going amongst the Negroes and Indians and being trusted everywhere. So here we seem to have at last a perfectly good example of the stock "Jesuits in Disguise" only the other way about!

The thing, of course, had been going on practically ever since the world began. There is Saint Bathild (died 680) the British slave girl who lived to become a French Queen and to found the Corbie Abbey that figured large in the late Great War. Then in 748 there is a Pope Zachary repurchasing all the Christian slaves that his purse would allow him to buy up from the Venetian merchants who had taken them from Rome. In 1095 we have the death of St. Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester in England, and our very last Saxon prelate. And it was he who joined the Norman Archbishop Lanfranc in putting down the slave trade that used to exist between Bristol and Ireland.

Then in 1305 there is a letter from the Archbishop of Pekin writing to Rome. He has bought up a hundred and fifty slave boys aged between seven and eleven, baptized them, taught them Latin and Greek, and let them go free. And he trusts that he has done rightly. In 1317 Pope John XXII is formally denouncing the Harem Slave Trade with the Turks. And these are only a very few instances taken almost at pure random out of the literally hundreds that could be given.

### Slavery Nearer Home

**N**EARER home, the Barbary Corsairs of Algeria and Morocco were perpetually enslaving the Christians when they caught them. Once they even got as far as Edinburgh and once actually to the Westman Islands off Iceland. And the Europeans, when chance came their way, enslaved back. As far back as 1220 we have Father Bernardo de Garvia with four other Franciscan Fathers arriving at Morocco City where on January 16 they were promptly beheaded by the Sultan. They were canonized in 1481. (By the way, the first Protestant Missionaries reached Morocco City in 1882, rather more than six

centuries and a half later. Donald Mackenzie. "The Khalifate of the West.")

After the Battle of Lepanto, October 7, 1571, twelve thousand Christian slaves were freed from the Turk galleys, and even as late as 1816 when the English Fleet under Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers and put an end to the whole business, one thousand and eighty-three Christian slaves were found in the city. (On the first of December following, by the way, Pope Pius VII gave a special audience to Captain Forrest, R.N., and thanked him as representing the British Navy for making an end of the Barbary Coast slavery system.)

### A Continued Fight

**T**HROUGH the centuries the Church had been fighting the business. There were Trinitarians, Mercedarians, all sorts of Orders whose very names we have now forgotten, all established to fight the Barbary slave trade. They would go round from parish to parish begging for coppers, and when they had enough they would go across to Africa and purchase the freedom of so many slaves. And in some of the Orders the rule was that if they did not get the coppers, then one of the Fathers would go himself and take the slave's place. At least half a lifetime would be so saved.

St. John of God in the middle of the fifteen hundreds, he is a Saint now. But he started as a very small shop-keeper in Gibraltar. He was interested in the business of ransoming Christian slaves. Father Dan of the Order of Redemption makes another scrap of Catholic history in this connection. It was Father Pierre Dan really and in 1637 he wrote our very first History of the Barbary Corsairs. He wrote it rather from intimate knowledge, having spent his life amongst them ransoming and trying to ransom slaves.

All the Fathers of course did not get a chance of living to write histories. There was Father Jean de Vacher. Now he spent only thirty-six years amongst the captives and then in 1688 was unlucky. For the reigning Dey got tired of him and had him blown into thin air from a cannon's mouth. Only it does sound rather funny to read all the virtuous Protestant books about the Catholic Church and how it supported slavery. That Protestant Mission arriving in Morocco City six centuries and a half late rather sticks in my gullet. And

by the way, if anyone is interested enough to wade through all the serious histories of the horrid Trade (I was myself) he will find that conditions are unanimously described as being at their very worst amongst the Dutch in their colonies of Guiana on the Northeast coast of South America. But why, I do not know.

### Elizabeth and Slavery

ENGLAND's serious entry into the Trade was on October 18, 1564, when John Hawkins sailed from Plymouth to the African Coast on the specific object of a slaving venture. The business was quite profitable and so we find it repeated. On October 2, 1567, Hawkins and Drake started another trip in partnership. These of course were the two famous heroes of the Reverend Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and of plenty more Protestant romances. In one of the old histories of navigation it is told how Hawkins arranged with an African Chief for the delivery of some slaves, and then how the Chief swindled him out of six hundred of them. And the aggrieved Hawkins writes that this race is "habitually void of truth!"

Queen Elizabeth was in the venture, the "Virgin Queen" of romance. (In 1584 died, "worn out by debauchery," the Duc d'Alencon, "the man whom Queen Elizabeth declared she loved so entirely that she could not accept anyone else in his place." The reference throws an extremely interesting side-light on history.) The slave-venture was arranged on most business-like principles. Hawkins and Drake found out of their own pockets four ships, the "William and John," the "Swallow," the "Judith," and the "Angel," while Elizabeth stole from the English Navy two ships, the "Jesus" and the "Minion" (mentioned before) and lent them for the venture. So under the most aristocratic auspices started the English and Protestant Slave Trade.

An interesting feature of the whole business was the completeness of its commercial arrangement. In every romance Hawkins, Drake, and the other sea-dogs go out to fight the King of Spain's ships simply for the glory of the Protestant Religion and for the love of Adventure. Actually it was a lie. The thing was sheer piracy undertaken for sheer profits, and whether they were slaving or whether they were fighting Spanish ships their profits were cared for under a system that left little to modern Trusts.

There was the case of the "Felipe." This was a Spanish ship captured by Drake and brought into Plymouth Harbor on June 26, 1587. And in all the books written for children they have it that the matter of the San Felipe was purely one of religion, Elizabeth versus the King of Spain and the Pope. Only when we look at the Historical MSS. Commissions Report (not written at all for children, and certainly not reprinted in popular books,) it seems a trifle different. Calendar of Cecil Manuscripts, III, 269. The contents of the ship were sold for £114,000, and Burleigh (the great Burleigh) acts as broker in the business and gets £1,000 commission on the job. And Queen Elizabeth's share of the boodle was £40,000, and Drake's whack came to £17,000, and so on through all the lists. It reads far more like the accounts of a private board meeting of Chicago Bootleggers than any Glory and Romance.

### 9,000,000 of Them

So through the next couple of centuries or so the Trade in Negro Slaves continued. In 1777 a French priest, the Abbé Raynal, reckoned out that nine millions of them had been used up. The thing was simply not allowed to stop. By one clause of the Treaty of Utrecht (March 16, 1713) the great Protestant Power of England forbids it to stop, insisting in the Treaty on having the sole monopoly of carrying the slaves. It was good for the shipping industry. And, besides carrying the black slaves, England made a little money by selling a good many of her own people into slavery. There were the Plantations of Virginia, of course,

and after the Fall of Drogheda thousands of Irish were shipped out to the West Indies where, oddly enough, some of the characteristics of their stock were to be distinguished even centuries later. And quite a little curiosity of my slave cards has to do with the Scotch whom the English took after the religious troubles of the seventeenth century. The English sent them to work in the "mines" (only they were really surface mines) of the West Coast of Africa.

### The Trade Abolished

GRADUALLY we come down to the Abolition of the Trade. And the first country to go in for Abolition was of all places in the world Denmark; in her West Indian colonies. And I have one card about some Negro Slave riots in Christiansted in the Island of St. Croix, when the mob was soothed down by a Catholic priest. It seems as if one cannot get away from them. And then as late as between 1904 and 1906 we have just about the very last of the business. For between these dates the Prefect Apostolic of Benadir in Somaliland was forbidden by the government to enter his own Prefecture. And one reason which was suggested for the prohibition was that the Slave Trade was being secretly connived at in those parts, and that the presence of a Catholic Authority might have resulted in awkwardness. I do not know whether it was true or not, but if it was true then one can quite understand their not wanting the Catholic Church on the premises. For in spite of all the rubbish which has been written, the Church and Slavery have never marched well together.

## AUTUMN

By CHARLES PRIMROSE JAMES

WITH radiant face she comes, her chestnut hair  
Draped like a mantle round her, and the birds  
Sing forth a paean to greet her, while the grass  
Springs up beneath her flying fairy feet.  
The Summer King has driven his fiery chariots 'cross the plains  
Their scorched tracks remain  
On hill and dale; the story of his going  
Is whispered by the winds, the message flies  
Along the tree-tops that fair Autumn's Queen  
Now holds the sceptre, and the red and gold  
She strews around will glorify the land.  
A spangled veil she draws across the hills,  
And throws a mystic glamor over all.  
Refreshing breezes sweep along with joy,  
New life awakes, Nature and Man are glad  
At Autumn's coming.



THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# The SIGN-POST

## Questions & Answers

### Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

#### CATHOLICS AND FREEMASONS

(1) *I have been told that a Catholic could receive Holy Communion and still belong to the Freemasons. Also that a priest belongs to the Masons.* (2) *Can a Catholic girl marry a Freemason with a dispensation?* (3) *Is it true that the Freemasons take an oath against the Catholic Church?*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. M.

(1) The Church forbids Catholics to join the Freemasons and similar societies under penalty of excommunication. Therefore a Catholic who joins the Lodge with a knowledge of this prohibition is excommunicated and cannot receive the Sacraments. Likewise no priest in good standing can be a member of the Lodge. These are deductions from the common law of the Church. The Editor of a Question and Answer Department cannot be expected to judge of particular cases which come to the attention of Catholics. But he may be allowed to say that Catholics ought not to be too credulous. Many things are said which are not true.

(2) Marriage between Catholics and members of condemned societies is forbidden by the Church. This includes Freemasons. Strange if it didn't. But the Canon Law makes provision for a marriage of this kind in exceptional cases, *provided* the faith of the Catholic party and the children is guaranteed by the non-Catholic party. But no convinced Catholics will seek to enter such a marriage.

(3) Freemasonry is known to be a secret, oath-bound society. But the Order, being world-wide, is difficult of analysis in every locality. In one place it may seem very harmless, and in others very deceitful. In Europe and South America Freemasons have strenuously attacked the Church, but in this country their opposition has not been so open, with the exception of the Scottish Rite.

#### BEHIND THE SCENES

(1) *If all who live according to their best lights will be saved, why should we seek to convert others to our belief? Of what advantage is it to the pagans? If you say, "Christ so ordered," it still seems a mystery to me that full conversion is desired if all of good intent can be saved anyway.*

(2) *If God foresaw from eternity what He would create and its results, how does that differ from necessitated action, which is equivalent, as I see it, to Fate? Even if it is said that He acted freely, how can we harmonize that with eternal foreknowledge?* (3) *I understand that some Catholic philosophers teach that the impossibility of eternal creation cannot be demonstrated. If that is so, does not God's creative act lose its meaning? Is it not equivalent to pure materialism?* (4) *Could you suggest some good books on theology for an interested layman?*

DEDHAM, MASS.

P. J. W.

(1) If, as you say, "Christ so ordered," that would seem to be sufficient reason for converting not only pagans, but all men not holding the entire deposit of Divine revelation.

Christ wants all to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. That desire is expressed in the commission given to the Apostles, "Go, teach (that is, make disciples of) *all nations*" (Matt. 28:19). While it is true that everyone who lives up to the measure of grace which is given him—that is, obeys his conscience in all things—will be saved, it must never be overlooked that this is a condition which is harder to maintain than is popularly supposed. If there are so many sinners, and grievous sinners too, in the Church, which possesses the full deposit of Faith, and all the Divine helps for salvation, how many, think you, are there outside the pale of Christianity who consistently live according to their best lights? Pagans will have more assurance of salvation by becoming members of the Church and participating in its marvelous benefits. A man might succeed in crossing to Europe in a row boat, but it is easier and quicker and safer to take passage on an ocean liner. The Church is the liner to eternity. Why not pick up the poor fellow rowing across the turbulent sea of this world?

(2) We ought to leave aside questions about God's foreknowledge and the free actions of creatures until we have digested the more easy teachings of the catechism, such as, "Those who do good will be saved, and those who do evil shall be damned." Predestination is a mystery, which we can never hope to unravel in the pages of THE SIGN. But the theology of the Church can give as good an answer to this problem as can be expected by mortal men. It may be boiled down to this proposition: God knows everything, past, present and future. But what happens in time with regard to free creatures is not the result of his foreknowledge, but the effect of their free will. God knows because it will be; men do not act because God knows. God knew from all eternity that you were going to ask this question. Were you conscious of any compulsion?

(3) There are two ideas involved here—a purely metaphysical hypothesis, and a question of fact. It is a doctrine of the Faith, taught by the first Lateran Council, that God created everything out of nothing, and that the world had a beginning, and is not eternal. The hypothesis of philosophers has no bearing whatever on the fact of creation as recorded in the Bible.

(4) We recommend The Treasury of the Faith Series, The Question Box, The Catholic Encyclopedia, and The Catholic Dictionary.

#### OMISSION OF LOCALE

*In the advertisement for subjects for a Missionary Order, which appeared in the June issue of THE SIGN, there is no mention of the town in which the convent is situated. It simply says: Mother Mistress, Box 7, Alberta, Canada. Will you please give me the complete address?*

FLUSHING, N. Y.

L. B.

We regret the omission of the name of the town in the June and July issues. The last four numbers of THE SIGN has given the complete address, which is: Mother Mistress, Box 7, Berywn, Alberta, Canada.

## BOOKS ON PSYCHOLOGY

*I have two books by George A. Dorsey, Ph.D., entitled, "Why We Behave Like Human Beings." Would I commit a sin by reading them?*

WHITMAN, MASS.

J. M.

You would not commit a sin by reading them, but at the same time you would confuse your mind because of the unreliable nature of the books which are nothing but a discussion of the motives of human action; in other words books on psychology with a catch title. We recommend the following books, not because they are Catholic, but because they embody the solid principles of common sense and Christianity: *The Mind* by Rev. John Pyne, S. J. (\$2.00); *Dynamic Psychology* by Rev. Thomas Vernon Moore (\$3.00); *Ethics* by Rev. Paul Glenn (\$2.00).

## MARRYING NON-CATHOLICS

*Must a non-Catholic turn Catholic before marrying a Catholic?*

N. N.

Catholics are forbidden to marry non-Catholics unless the bishop grants a dispensation from the law. If he grants it it is not necessary for the non-Catholic to become a Catholic, but he must honestly promise to fulfill the conditions which the Church lays down.

## COMMUNION: VOCATION TO PRIESTHOOD

*(1) Is it the proper thing not to genuflect immediately after leaving the altar rail, after having received Holy Communion? (2) If a person feels that he has a calling to the priesthood, but thinks that the study of Latin is too difficult, what should he do? (3) When feeling an inclination to the priesthood is it all right to put off going to the seminary for a year in order to help his parents?*

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

B. O.

(1) No definite rule can be given in this matter. You should accommodate yourself to the practice of the faithful. When Holy Communion is distributed to many it is more expedient to leave the altar rail without genuflecting.

(2 & 3) We advise you to discuss these matters with your pastor or confessor.

## ST. MERCEDES: ST. CONSTANCE

*Is there a St. Mercedes, and also a St. Constance?*

BROOKLINE, MASS.

H. K.

There is no St. Mercedes, as far as we know. Mercedes is a name very popular in Spain because it refers to the Blessed Virgin under the title de Mercedes, which means "of Mercy." The name commemorates the miraculous intervention of the Blessed Virgin in providing relief for the Spanish Christians who had been captured and tortured by the Saracens. The feast of Our Lady of Mercy is celebrated on September 24th. St. Constance suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Nero at Nacaria. Her feast together with that of St. Felix occurs on September 19th.

## BOOK ON FATE OF UNBAPTIZED

*Will you kindly recommend a book which treats of the fate of the unbaptized from a Catholic viewpoint?*

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

A. L.

Read *The Question Box* by Rev. Fr. Conway, C.S.P., for this and similar questions. You will find this matter treated on pages 216 and 217. Paper 50 cents; cloth \$1.00. Every Catholic who is interested in his religion ought to have a copy of this book. There is no more popular book of reference on the market.

## ONLY CATHOLIC SPONSORS

*Can a non-Catholic stand up for a child at Baptism in the same manner as a Catholic? If a non-Catholic desires to do so, should the priest be informed?*

CONN.

N. N.

A non-Catholic cannot be a sponsor at a Catholic baptism.

## CARMELITE NUNS

*Where can I obtain information about the Carmelite Nuns?*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

M. A.

Communicate with the Rev. Mother Superior of the Carmelite Convent, 61 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

## RE-ENTERING CONVENT

*If a person has been a novice in a community is she bound to reveal it when seeking admission to another community?*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

N. N.

Honesty dictates that this circumstance should be mentioned when seeking admission. It will not necessarily prevent your admission.

## ADAM'S STATURE

*How tall was Adam?*

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

J. J. McC.

Thanks to Mr. John Gibbons, one of our contributors, we have several estimates of the height of our common progenitor. You will find an interesting note on this question in the August issue of *THE SIGN*, page 20.

## CORD OF ST. THOMAS: MISSIONARY ORDERS

*(1) How and where can I obtain a cord of St. Thomas? Does one have to belong to an Order to get one? (2) Where could I obtain a list of the missionary Orders in the United States?*

MILFORD, MASS.

E. R. K.

(1 & 2) Communicate with *The Rosary Magazine*, 884 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.

(3) *The Catholic Directory* gives a complete list of all religious Orders, male and female, in the United States. Ask your pastor to allow you to consult it.

## A RATHER ODD LAD

*A certain boy has what seems to be a mania for pretending that he has but one leg. He seems to delight in walking on crutches and in seeing one-legged people, especially small boys. Can you explain this? Is it a sin in itself?*

J. C.

The action in itself is not sinful. We recommend that you consult a reputable alienist.

## QUESTIONS ABOUT ABSTINENCE

*(1) Is it allowed to fry fish with pieces of pork or bacon on Friday? May pieces of bacon be inserted in fish when baking it?*

BOSTON, MASS.

L. L.

(2) *A person claims that soup made from the juice of meat, and gravy made from the grease left in the skillet, after the meat is taken out, may be eaten on Friday. His argument is that the lard used to fry fish is no different from the juice of soup, since both come from the same source.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.

V. P. K.

(1) It is lawful to use the fat of animals for preparing abstinence food. Therefore the liquid fat of bacon and

pork is permitted for frying fish, and pieces of bacon may be used for baking. The Church grants this concession in order to encourage the faithful to eat abstinence fare. But it is understood that the fat of these products may be used only for cooking purposes, and may not be eaten by itself.

(2) The law of abstinence forbids all meat and the juice of meat on abstinence days, but not eggs, cheese, and butter and condiments made from the fat of animals. Therefore soup made from juice of meat and gravy from lard are forbidden. As remarked above the Church concedes the use of lard to *prepare* abstinence food; but she does not allow the fat itself to be eaten.

### CAN A THOUGHT BE SINFUL?

*In regard to the Sixth and Ninth Commandments the Manual of Prayers says: "... Each and every act, if deliberate, be it in thought or desire, in look, gesture, word or deed, is a mortal sin." This is not clear to me, as it seems that the mere thought cannot be so serious a sin. Please explain.*

BOSTON, MASS.

N. N.

What is meant here is a deliberate taking of impure pleasure in something represented in the imagination. Thoughts can be sinful, and seriously sinful, as we see from the teaching of Christ. He said: "You have heard that it was said to them of old: thou shalt not commit adultery." But I say to you that whosoever shall look on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart" (Matt. 5:27, 28). In this text you have the explanation of the quotation from the Manual of Prayers. Christ speaks of a sin of desire, and a sinful look, amounting to a mental violation of a commandment. Thought is the spring of action. Foul deeds result from foul thoughts. If the deeds are sinful, so must be the thoughts, if deliberately entertained. All evil is essentially from within. "He said that the things which come out from a man, they defile a man. For from within out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness. All these evil things come from within, and defile a man" (Mark 7:20-23). It must be understood that sin comes not from the thought itself, but from the will which entertains the thought when it knows that it ought not. No consent means no sin. Of course, the acting out of a sinful thought is a greater sin than the mere thought itself.

### LAZARUS: BIRDS AND CATS

*(1) Why did Jesus say that Lazarus and others whom He raised from the dead were not dead, but only sleeping, when we are told that the soul goes immediately to Heaven, Hell, or Purgatory, and that we are alive there? Now Lazarus was dead, three days when Jesus came. Why was not he alive somewhere? (2) The Bible says that the birds are taken care of without their having to take thought of themselves. Now I see cats catching birds and many of them. So, is the Bible true just the same?*

NEW LONDON, CONN.

E. O'N.

(1) The soul of Lazarus was alive somewhere, otherwise it could not have been brought back to revive his body. "Sleeping" is an Oriental word to describe death. It is used several times in the New Testament, as you aver. And a very beautiful expression it is, too. It is true that the particular judgment follows immediately after death. Such is the common belief of the Church. But the case of Lazarus and the others raised up again by God, and the saints, are exceptions to the general rule. Commentators on Holy Scripture hold that the soul of Lazarus was in Limbo during the time of its absence from the body. Moreover, he was dead four days when Jesus came, not three (John 11:39).

(2) What Jesus meant was that no bird would fall to

the ground without the permission of His Heavenly Father (Matt. 10:29) which indicates that such small things as birds are objects of His Providence. Because you have seen birds caught by cats does not in any way disprove the truth of Scripture. As well might you say that the Bible has no meaning because there are many bald-headed men, whereas our Lord says in the same passage quoted: "The very hairs of your head are numbered" by God. God cares for all living things, including cows and pigs and chickens, but most people eat of their flesh without any qualms of conscience, or with any doubts about the Providence of God.

### BOOKS ON EVOLUTION

*Will you please give me a list of books on evolution which I may procure through THE SIGN?*

BRISTOL, CONN.

E. M.

Gerard, The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer; LeBuffe, Human Evolution and Science; McWilliams, A Catechism on Evolution; O'Toole, The Case Against Evolution; Wasman, The Problem of Evolution and Modern Biology, and The Theory of Evolution; Windle, Evolution and Christianity, and The Evolutionary Problem as it is Today; McCann, God or Gorilla. We recommend The Case Against Evolution.

### ONE IN EVERY PARISH

*On going to Mass on Sunday I noticed a very devout lady praying at the altar railing with her right hand palm up, facing the altar. Next, in making the Stations this same lady kisses the benches when leaving each Station. What do these things signify?*

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

N. N.

Our only comment is that there is a great variety of devotional practices among the faithful. Almost every parish has an individual (sometimes more than one) whose mannerisms excite comment.

### GOOD AND EVIL

*The Bible says that when God created the world He saw that everything was "very good." If everything was "very good" there must have been no evil. Yet Satan, who is evil, was present in the form of a serpent and tempted Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit. This seems to be a contradiction in terms.*

SCRANTON, PA.

J. C.

Metaphysically speaking, evil has no positive reality. It is an axiom of philosophy that every being is good; that is, every being is good in so far as it has existence. An aching tooth in this sense is a good tooth, because it is a tooth. The ache comes from a lack of something necessary to the perfection of the tooth. An ache has no existence outside something to ache. Therefore, since an ache has no existence in itself it has neither goodness nor badness.

In regard to moral evil the same thing can be said; it has no positive existence outside something which is good. Moral evil is the privation of good, or the lack of something which a being ought to have, as darkness is the absence of light. Thus, if a person steals your watch he commits moral evil. But the watch which he has in his possession is good; his hand which took it is good; his feet which enabled him to run away with the watch are good. These things are all good because they have existence. When, then, does the moral evil come in? The moral evil comes in from the lack of rectitude or virtue, in the thief's will, which ought to have commanded him to respect another's property. Since he ought to have this respect and didn't have, he committed a sin. The evil is the lack of good which should have been there, and might have been there, had the man respected the rights of another.



In regard to creation, God saw that everything was "very good" because everything had existence. "Every being is good," metaphysically speaking. Satan in this sense is good. As you know, he is a fallen angel. He was not created a devil, but made himself the wicked spirit which he is through his own fault. He committed a sin of pride by desiring his own excellence beyond due measure. By this excess he voluntarily abdicated his high estate (Jude 1:6) and so became the devil. But even as the devil he is good in so far as he has existence. He is evil because he lacks the perfection which he ought to have, and might have had, only he freely refused to have it. Consequently, the appearance of the devil in Paradise does not contradict the statement of the Bible that everything was "very good."

#### ADAM AND EVE PARDONED

*If God commands us to forgive one another, why didn't He forgive Adam and Eve when they sinned against Him in the Garden of Paradise?*

BRIGHTON, MASS.

E. C.

In the first place God is not bound to forgive anyone. He is not bound by the laws which He promulgates for us, any more than a father is bound by the rules of discipline which he makes for his children. It has been commonly believed from earliest times, however, that the guilty pair were pardoned by God and attained salvation through faith in the future Redeemer and the performance of long, severe penance. The Scripture indicates the divine pardon when God cursed the serpent for his cunning, and made known to our first parents the advent of the Savior: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed. She shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel" (Gen. 3:15). The seed of the woman is Jesus Christ, Who atoned for the sin of the world, which originated in Adam. By His salvific death on the Cross the head of the Satan was crushed in fulfilment of the prophecy made in the Garden of Paradise; "now shall the prince of this world (the devil) be cast out" (John 12:31). The Book of Wisdom (10:1) says of Adam: "she [wisdom] preserved him that was first formed by God the father of the world, when he was created alone. And she brought him out of his sin, and gave him power to govern all things." This text is extended by St. Gregory of Nyssa and St. Augustine to Eve also. In the Roman Martyrology the feast of Adam is commemorated on the vigil of Christmas, in order to express the connection between the birth of Christ and the salvation of Adam. In the Greek Church the feast of Adam and Eve is kept on the Sunday before Christmas.

#### MARRIAGE AND CATHOLIC BAPTISM

(1) *What is to be done in case of a marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic, who believes that he was baptised, but can show no record of having received it?*

(2) *Can the non-Catholic party to a mixed marriage act as god-father in the Sacrament of Baptism?*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

N. M.

(1) The priest who arranges for the marriage will tell you what must be done.

(2) Non-Catholics may not act as god-parents.

#### RESULTS OF EXCOMMUNICATION

*According to the Church a Catholic who marries before a Protestant minister is excommunicated. What are the obligations of a Catholic in this matter? Is he supposed to go to church every Sunday, and to receive the Sacrament of Penance whenever necessary, and, in general, to go about like an ordinary Catholic should?*

BAYSIDE, N. Y.

L. R.

The first obligation of such a Catholic is to have his invalid marriage rectified, if possible, so as to get out of

the state of sin. He will do that by going to confession. When he has revealed his conscience the confessor will instruct him. In general, an excommunicated Catholic is not liberated from any obligation, such as attendance at Mass on Sundays and Holy Days, and the observance of fast and abstinence. No one should receive exemptions on account of wrong-doing.

#### HOTEL TOWELS AND CUTLERY

*There seems to be quite a lot of loose thinking in regard to taking knives and forks and towels from hotels. Some people exhibit their collection with pride. They regard them as souvenirs of their travels. What is your opinion of this practice?*

HARTFORD, CONN.

C. P.

If there is such a practice our conviction, not opinion, is that it is just plain stealing.

#### MARRIAGE INDISSOLUBLE

*Could a Catholic man obtain an annulment because of the adultery of his wife, which she admitted, and at the same time shows no intention of quitting?*

N. N.

Christian marriage lasts till death; "for better or worse." In many instances it turns out "for worse." The Church, while insisting on the indissolubility of marriage, allows separation on account of the adultery of one of the parties. Consult your pastor or confessor.

#### PERSONAL REPLIES

To H. F.: You will do better by asking advice from your confessor.

To J. D.: See your confessor.

#### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

J. L. H., WHITESVILLE, KY. M. G. M., PITTSBURGH, PA. A. G., JERSEY CITY, N. J. H. V. M., NEW BRIGHTON, PA. J. G. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y. M. McC., NEW YORK, N. Y. J. T. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y. M. T., ST. LOUIS, MO. R. McG., W. LYNN, MASS. A. D., JERSEY CITY, N. J. A. L. M., HAZLETON, PA. C. O'S., SALEM, MASS.

#### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

R. P., LOUISVILLE, KY. F. A. O'R., BROOKLYN, N. Y. A. R. —, P. A., SCRANTON, PA. T. F. N., NEW YORK, N. Y. S. L. P., MAPLEWOOD, N. J. M. C., ST. JOSEPH, MO. P. J. N., FOREST HILLS, N. Y. M. F. M., FREEPORT, N. Y. H. D., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. W. S., ROUSES POINT, N. Y. J. C. G., NEW YORK, N. Y. C. R. C., NEWARK, N. J. M. M., McKEESPORT, PA. A. A. McI., MEDFORD, MASS. J. T. R., CARTERET, N. J. M. F. H., LOUISVILLE, KY. K. G., PITTSBURGH, PA. M. C., QUEENS VILLAGE, N. Y. R. F., ANSONIA, CONN. H. M., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. I. F., SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK. A. M. M., DUNKIRK, N. Y. J. J. Q., PHILADELPHIA, PA. K. M., BOSTON, MASS. A. C. L., MEDFORD, MASS. M. E. S., SALEM, MASS. L. F. M., LOWELL, MASS. J. T. S., NEW YORK, N. Y. H. B., BRIDGEPORT, CONN. E. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y. C. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y. F. S., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. A. C. M., —, S. H., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. E. A. S., TERRE HAUTE, IND. J. H. L., —, S. M., HARTFORD, CONN. C. W., —, M. T., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

## Communications

### NOT ROMAN CATHOLIC

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"The name Catholic" in the October issue of THE SIGN is timely. May I tell you that I read in Rome a report of the debate in the Vatican Council on this question, and I know that the purpose in adopting the form of words "Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church" was the reverse of the statement that the Church should be called Roman. The words first proposed in the Council were "the holy Roman Catholic Church." An Archbishop moved as an amendment that the word *Roman* be omitted or at least that it be transposed and other words added so that it would evidently be, not the proper name, but a *description* of the Church. He would admit the word *Roman* on condition that it qualified the word *Church* and not the word *Catholic*. The second part of this amendment carried after much discussion. The expressed purpose of the amendment was to prevent people from inferring that the Council approved the use of "Roman Catholic" as the distinctive name of the Church.

TORONTO,  
CANADA

✠ N. McNEILL,  
Archbishop of Toronto

### MEANING WAS OBVIOUS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I draw your attention to a little "slip" in an answer given to the question on page 28 of your August, 1930, issue:

"The disembodied soul of a diseased human being can never become an angel, any more than a horse (or an ape) could become a man," etc., etc.

The meaning is obvious (*deceased* human being) and I think most of your readers would understand it so; but because there may be some who reading this passage might be under the impression—and unhappy on account of it—that it was or is disease that stands in the way of reaching the angelic state, that I make bold to write this note; and yet in all humility, realizing what a wonderful contribution THE SIGN makes to the literature of the day. In our family every copy is read thoroughly and passed along to others for their good.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

GEORGIANA G. QUINN.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Typographical error. Tom Moore says, "Though an angel may write, it's a devil that does the printing."

### PARISH VISITORS OF MARY IMMACULATE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the August number I made a mistake when giving the address of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, which has a novitiate at Mary Crest, Monroe, N. Y. It is a local Missionary and Catholic Social Service Order. The New York City address is 328 West 70th Street, not 78th Street, as was printed in the August number of THE SIGN. These self-sacrificing women go into the home and observe true conditions and individual needs. They have been very successful in adjusting difficult situations because many timid people hesitate to approach a priest with the delicate problems which arise today with many lukewarm Catholics. Anyone interested in this work may write to Rev. Mother Tallon, Marycrest, Monroe, N. Y., or the above city address.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

KATHERINE H. BARTON.

### USING ANOTHER'S ROSARY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In "The Sign Post" department of your magazine, September, 1930, I noticed the question sent in by V. W., St. Louis, Mo., concerning the use of another's rosary, to which you replied as follows:

"Once a rosary has been properly blessed with indulgences any person who uses it may gain the indulgences attached. Only when rosaries are destroyed or sold are the indulgences lost."

Shortly after reading this, I picked up a little book entitled "The Rosary—The Crown of Mary," by a Dominican Father, published by The Apostolate of the Rosary, Lexington Avenue at 66th St., New York. On page 125 of this book, the following statement appears in Paragraph Two:

"Persons desiring rosaries blessed should see that the beads which they present are well chained, and on strong wire; and having used them to gain their indulgences, they may not give those beads to another for the same purpose. Should they do so, the indulgences are lost for both parties. A Rosarian, however, may lend his beads to another to pray on them, but not to gain the indulgences."

NEW YORK, N. Y.

ADELE VESPER.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Canon Law on this matter is as this: "Real indulgences (such as those attached to rosaries, crucifixes, etc.) cease only when the indulgenced articles are destroyed or sold." Canon 924. Formerly objects were indulgenced only for the possessor. The book you refer to may have been written before the promulgation of the New Code.

### THE MEANEST MAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am sending you the following news item as an example of how one man took unfair advantage of the unemployment situation:

"The unemployment situation being what it is, a number of cheap concerns are taking full advantage of the situation. One of the lowest rackets in some time was pulled by an East Side clothing store the other day.

"This firm inserted an advertisement in two papers. The ad stated that the concern needed five salesmen to go to work immediately. Experience was unnecessary, the wages were liberal and all applicants were to apply at noon for work.

"You can imagine the result. At the appointed hour hundreds of unemployed men were fighting to get into the store. The police were called to keep the applicants in line. This very naturally, attracted a curious crowd. And in no time at all the store was packed with people.

"Huge signs all over the store and windows announced the fact that a big sale was going on. And this, of course, was the basis of the entire racket."

Not one salesman was hired. The advertisement in the papers had cost but a few dollars. At a very minor expense, then, this concern had cashed in very heavily. But if there's anything much lower than the scheme they resorted to, I haven't heard about it lately.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

S. L.

### EXCHANGING CHOIRS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Singing is one of the loveliest gifts of God to mankind. The singing at Mass should be the finest in the world for we are singing praises to Him Who owns the world. It might help to improve the singing at Mass if there was a change of choirs from one Catholic church to another, say once a month. This would create interest in both parishes. I think that this would be a lovely plan and might encourage others who love singing to join the choir.

RICHMOND, IND.

CECILIA KLUTER.

## A NON-CATHOLIC'S APPRECIATION

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am not a Catholic. A very dear friend subscribed for me. Believing in practically none of the fundamentals of the Church, I believe it is doing the most important work in the world today. That is to say, that what seem to me to be huge errors in its teachings are, after all, rather harmless, and taking human nature as it is, they, no doubt, do make for the success of Catholicism, which in turn is good for the world. It is the one great stabilizing influence of the day, not only in the material and economic worlds, but in preserving religion and a perspective on life in this materialistic age in which our most cherished ideals are in danger of being swept away.

I doubt the wisdom of trying to fit the garments of Christianity on Oriental shoulders, but these are such noble fellows addressing a seemingly hopeless job that I must give them my mite, which is enclosed herewith.

The enclosed check is a donation—not a subscription.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WM. T. INNES.

## BROTHERS AND BIRETTAS

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Looking at the October issue of your magazine I ran across this question: "Why do not religious Brothers wear birettas"? Your answer evidently shows that you are ignorant of the fact that the Xaverian Brothers exist. These Brothers of the Congregation of St. Francis Xavier wear a biretta. Formerly their headgear was a cephal.

MEDFORD, MASS.

EUGENE J. COLEMAN.

(We thank Mr. Coleman for calling our attention to the existence of the Xaverian Brothers. We dare to trespass further on his generosity by asking what a "cephla" is. Our ignorance on this point is shared by both *The Standard Dictionary* and *Webster's Dictionary*.—Ed.)

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

With reference to the question in the October issue of *THE SIGN* about Brothers and Birettas it might interest you to know that the Brothers of St. Francis Xavier wear a cap which is similar in form to the biretta as worn by priests, except that it is not so high and has four slightly raised extensions instead of three. There is no pom-pom. The material is, of course, plain black cashmere similar to the habit material. The "cephla" formerly worn had a pom-pom but no extensions.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BROTHER URBAN, C.F.X.

## FOR DECENCY IN DRESS

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The enclosed leaflet is self-explanatory. I am wondering whether you can make up your mind to reproduce at least the part marked with blue pencil. *The Homiletic Monthly* of September commented on it and so did a few other Catholic magazines. I wish you could do the same.

NEW ORLEANS (VERY REV.) CANON LEANDER M. ROTH.

## [EXTRACT FROM ENCLOSURE]

The Letter of the Congregation of Religious, dated August 23, 1928, pertained to fashions of dress as applying to girl pupils of schools taught by Nuns, and was at the time proclaimed for the city of Rome. The present reference to it, under point 6, extends the application. It offers directives for determining what are proper and improper fashions of dress, reading:

"In order that uniformity of understanding prevail in all institutions of women religious regarding the cases in which the aforementioned prescriptions of the Congregation of Religious

apply, we recall that a dress cannot be called decent which is cut deeper than two fingers breadth under the pit of the throat, which does not cover the arms at least to the elbows, and scarce reaches a bit beyond the knees. Furthermore, dresses of transparent material are improper, as are also flesh-colored stockings, which suggest the legs being bare."

There is no doubt now, after the supreme authority of the Church has spoken that women going about with bare arms and bare legs are offending against Christian modesty and that their style of dress "cannot be called decent."

## SACRED VESTMENTS

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The reference by question in the September number of *THE SIGN* to the use of sacred vestments for home decoration is, I trust, the nucleus of a movement to kill this abuse. In my work I have found the use of vestments especially utilized by the trade and demanded by clients. I have been told that priests sell those and other ecclesiastical art pieces sometimes in order to reimburse their church funds when in need of such. This answer referred to above stumps my oft-repeated objections.

In the August number of *The Rosary Magazine*, I believe it was, the interior view as a guide of home makers showed a chasuble hanging on the wall! Hardly discernible, but to a practiced eye in this form of decoration there was no room for doubt.

A decorator in one of the allied interests told me with a smirk, when I expressed my objections, that in her church (Episcopal) all articles no longer fit for use were burned. What is the status quo of our position?

I write this on business stationery merely to give warrant for further thought to the objection as coming from one with considerable experience with the abuse, if such it really is. Please keep this correspondence, or rather my identity, sub rosa.

A word in passing. Your magazine is making commendable steps to overcome a recent criticism of the Church's intellectual leadership—that she is losing it. "Excelsior" is your middle name. And may it continue to be. I shall look for a guiding answer only in your magazine.

## DECORATOR

(All that we can say about this "abuse" is that the Church forbids the sale of sacred vessels and vestments. When they are unfit for use they must be burned. There have been instances of sacred vessels and vestments offered for sale, which were originally stolen. When these things are sold or used for unbecoming uses they lose their blessing.—Ed.)

## LUCRFTIUS AND H. L. MENCKEN

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Back a century or so before Christ, there was a man with a marked similarity to a satiric genius of our own day, the only difference being that he did not issue a green covered magazine monthly. Lucretius in his time had good reason to be a satirical sceptic, for judging by the practices of the Roman religion of the time, it was a degenerating rather than a regenerating religion. Even the elect doubted it. There was nothing to save a man in those days from the cancerous growth of scepticism. There was no religion at that time (with the possible exception of the Hebrew) that could withstand an intellectual onslaught. As a result, I believe poor Lucretius killed himself.

Now with Mencken it is different. In his scepticism and positivistic view of things there seems to be a ray of hope that pops out of his wordy bombast. In fact, in matters Catholic, H. L. at times shows real respect. One wonders sometimes if this belligerent genius is but chuckling to himself and staging a show for the world, pulling in the shekels on a good business proposition.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

J. H. MEREDITH.





# THE PASSING OF SHAN

✠ ✠ BY M. WINIFRED HEENAN ✠ ✠

**T**HERE were few things that old Michael definitely did not believe, for the inhabitants of Kerry are credulous old simpletons, unspoilt as yet by the last advances of civilization, untainted yet by the first influences of civilized modernism. Yet, though they may be innocent and greenhorns, they are contentment incarnate. And of them all, old Michael, the herdsman, was the most humble, the most simple. In his almost childish innocence and good faith, it never occurred to him to disbelieve anything that was proposed to his belief, much less to doubt those things that are by common consent accepted for the truth.

Now in Kerry, as in other more enlightened places on this earth, it was generally believed that donkeys were but mortal creatures, and that they must bow their heads in submission to the final demand of Nature, and die when their allotted span of life is complete and their labors for man in his fields of toil are over.

And yet, this most simple truth was the one that Michael found the hardest to accept. Donkeys, he maintained, never died in Ireland. And in spite of all argument, in spite of the clever "book-learning" of the local pedagogues, in spite of the very obviousness of the fact itself, Michael firmly believed that if donkeys did die, they died not on Irish soil. He thought that, like the elephants of the jungle, perhaps, they simply disappeared, and then travelled the world over, maybe, to some common resting-place, unknown as yet to the mere Humans who herded and employed them.

All his life, Michael had herded donkeys. So had his father, so had his grandfather. And the tradition of Kerry had it that neither he nor his forbears had ever seen the body of a deceased donkey!

'Twas little wonder, therefore, that the old man clung to his strange beliefs.

Moreover—there was Shan!

**T**HEY called him Shan, because he was old, so very, very old. No one in Kerry seemed to know just how old he was. But then, no one seemed to know very much about him at all, except that he belonged to Michael, and that for some strange reason Michael loved him very dearly.

His face was wizened and crumpled with wrinkles that surely were centuries old. His coat was more ragged, his legs more thin, his ears longer and more wobbly than those of any other donkey of the herd. Michael loved his ears. He sometimes thought that as Shan grew older, his ears grew longer. He loved Shan altogether really, though he could not have said why. Perhaps because he was the most quaint animal of them all. He had queer whims and fancies, and the strangest habits.

One of these was his particular fondness for standing motionless, down at the bottom of the meadow, in the dark evenings that preceded Christmas. And there he would stare intently over the fields and hedges. Staring, not with the vacant inane stare, that characterizes most donkeys, but with an intelligent, concen-

trated stare that spoke of great depths of thought and meditation. Right down the hillside where his brother donkeys grazed he would be staring. Right down to where the waving grass gave place to the yellow sands and the sea-weed, and the turbulent waters of the dark Atlantic swirled in everlasting restlessness along the coast of Kerry.

You could see his scanty tail, and still more scanty mane flying out like an old shredded banner in the teeth of the great storms that Christmas always brought to Kerry. But Shan never seemed to mind. As sure as the first days of Advent dawned, so surely you might see him, standing there silent and motionless, with that strangely preoccupied look on his crinkly face. For many hours together sometimes, he would stand, never seeming to move a limb, or even to blink an eyelid. He only twitched his absurdly long ears occasionally, and then went on, staring his own gloomy stare, thinking his own gloomy thoughts. Nobody knew what he stared at, nobody knew what he thought about. For he stared at things that were very distant, and he thought of things that were more distant still.

**T**HE old man could not help thinking, sometimes, that with such an unusual donkey to be looking after, he was in some way entrusted with a mission of great importance. He could never explain it all properly, but daily he became more and more conscious of a certain awful gravity and importance of his task, that caused him much anxiety. So much

so, that the days for him became long vigils of uneasy watching, and his nights began to be filled with a restless wakefulness.

He did not know from whence this feeling of great responsibility proceeded, or why it should sit upon him so heavily. He only knew that if Shan were out of sight for more than a few moments at a time, he could not rest until he was up and searching for him. It was something more than his great love for the animal that made him do this, and it was something more than his secret determination to watch Shan always, that he might know the end of at least one donkey of his acquaintance.

It was little wonder, therefore, that when the traders and donkey drivers of Kerry came to Michael to inspect the beasts he had for sale, that his favorite was always kept well in the background. But he need not have worried so much, for the great age and failing strength of Shan were so obvious that few people cared even to hire him. It was indeed doubtful whether or no the loaded packs and baskets would not have crushed out from his weak frame the little life that remained.

It was, then, a great shock to Michael, when one night, shortly before Christmas, a stranger came and asked the price of Shan. He was so taken aback that for a few moments he could not answer.

"The price of him? Why, sir, haven't you seen him at all?"

"I have," answered the stranger. "You rear the animals for sale, do you not? Well, then, I will give you what little I can afford for him, and I promise you that he shall be well cared for." So saying he produced a long narrow purse of silk, and offered it to Michael.

"It is all I have," he said, "but I will gladly give it for him."

"Ye want to buy Shan?" repeated Michael incredulously. "Well, sir—it's mad ye are—mad entirely!"

He was growing alarmed. Part with Shan? Never! He loved him and the thing was impossible. It was cruel! And yet, when Michael looked again at the stranger's face, he saw that it was infinitely kind, and he did not think that here was the sort of man who could easily be cruel. Nevertheless, Shan was a great donkey, or had been one in his time. Was it possible that this man also recognized the greatness and the value of him?

"Mad," the stranger was saying.

"Well, yes—maybe! In the place where I go a man that is mad is something akin to a man that is holy, and many things are permitted to him. Even so—you have not yet told me the price for your oldest donkey."

Michael took the purse from the stranger's hand, and examined it. It was a curious thing—neatly made, and heavy with embroidery. He fingered for a moment in silence, and then let it slip to the grass at his feet.

"He is old and weak, stranger," he pleaded, "and it's little good he'd be doin' you."

"Am I not the best judge of that, herdsman," asked the other, not unkindly.

"There are many more, sir," continued Michael dolefully, "many others, more young, more strong. More willing, too, and obedient. For 'tis the strong willed, obstinate ass he can be, an' the mood be on him!"

"What is called obstinacy in a poor donkey, my friend, in a great king is called firmness."

"Ye don't say now?" queried Michael, much impressed by this display of wisdom. "Then I'm thinking we have some right kingly donkeys here, sir, and 'tis Shan is the emperor of them all! For he's pig-headed, sir, with his obstinate wilfulness of temper."

"His unswerving tenacity of purpose," came the gentle correction.

Michael was baffled. The stranger's reasoning was new to him, and entirely incomprehensible. He had not the least idea of what it all really meant, except that in some way or other it was an unanswerable argument in favor of the dread transaction. Even the small sum of money that the stranger offered, Michael was too poor to refuse outright. But the thing the stranger sought, he loved too dearly to surrender at all.

He tried pathetically to expound the virtues of the other animals, enlarging on their values, and their beauties. But the foreign trader remained as quietly unmoved by Michael's litany of their praises as he had previously been by all the disparagement of Shan.

For some time they remained quite silent, while the last faltering rays of the winter sun slid down into the sea, and still silent, when the dark waters began to play with the rippling beams of silver that were falling fast from the moon. The look of pained anxiety on the poor herdsman's face had deepened, and it became deeper still as Shan began to move away from his fellows.

Slowly, and with tottering steps, the aged donkey found his way down to his favorite spot at the bottom of the pasture. There he halted, and, rearing his head with that gesture that had still the remnant of an old haughtiness and pride about it, he gazed out into the far distances that held for him such unusual attraction.

It seemed to Michael that never had he loved Shan so dearly as at that moment, when some malignant fate threatened to rob him of his treasure. He wondered why the stranger wanted him so badly. He wondered many things, really, that he had not the courage to ask. To what sort of life would Shan be taken, and would this foreigner be able to care for him properly? For Shan's nature had to be thoroughly understood, and his quaint demands had to be ministered to. He must be fostered with care and tenderness, and sympathy. He must be loved. And how could so complete a stranger do these things?

MICHAEL turned once more to the stranger, and looked at him doubtfully. For the first time he noticed that his dress was not that of the ordinary travellers and traders who visited Kerry. His garments were loose and flowing, his feet appeared to be sandalled, and his grey hair fell to his shoulders in long curling locks. There was an odd mixture of dignity and humility in his bearing, a nobleness in the sweep of his brow, a great sadness in his dark eyes that Michael in his agitation had not observed before. But there was also a great sympathy and a world of tenderness around his mouth that made Michael wonder how he could ever have associated this man with lack of understanding and gentleness in the protection of something that was weak and helpless.

He turned his eyes from the contemplation of his benign visitor, back to where Shan was still standing, motionless in the moonlight as a statue carved in silver. All his love for the poor donkey swelled up in his heart as he watched him. He could never bear to lose him, for life without him, he realized, would be a miserable affair, and too lonely to endure.

In one last effort, he endeavored to plead for Shan, breaking the silence that had descended like a sacrament upon them.

"Where would ye be takin' him, sir, an' I let ye have him?"

"Over many seas," answered the

stranger, "to a place that is far from here."

"Ah, but it's the happy donkey he is here, sir," continued the old herdsman. "Could you take him anywhere in the world, sir, that would give him the likes of all this?" And he stretched out his wrinkled old hands to the great beauty around them.

"It is a pleasant land, and a cool," answered the other softly. "A land of much water and green leaves. But

and that actually his power to withhold Shan from this stranger was very small indeed.

"Shan would never leave me," he murmured, "and if you made him—he would die. 'Tis the broken heart that would kill him!"

"He would not die, herdsman," answered the other. "The heart that is broken knows not often the consolation of death!"

"Ah, no! He would not die." Michael agreed. "They never die,

Together they moved down across the meadows—two weird figures, outlined in silver against the background of the night.

"**S**HALL I call him, herdsman," asked the trader. "How is it that you name him?"

"I'll call him, sir," answered Michael. "'Tis my voice he knows, and yours that would startle him!"

They stopped within a few yards of the motionless animal, and Mich-



"Shan would never leave me, and if you made him—he would die."

Shan is a child of desert places, and when they call him back—he must return!"

**T**HESE words, shrouded as they were in mystery, were not so unintelligible to Michael as might be thought. He was filled with a great awe, but already he had begun to realize that it was only through a considerate courtesy that his sanction to the plan was being sought at all,

stranger! That much I have learned. Still, 'tisn't leaving me he'd be, and you couldn't make him either. It's strong willed he is, sir, strong willed and obstinate!"

"Shall I try, herdsman?" asked the stranger with a smile. "Let me test him."

Michael was again nonplussed. And yet, supremely confident in the faithfulness of Shan, he nodded his consent.

ael put out his hand to keep the stranger back.

"Shan," he called, "come here, old boy! 'Tisn't out here you should be—standin' and starin' at this hour of the night!"

But the donkey did not heed him. "Shan!" he repeated, "turn around, will ye? These are fine manners indeed—and me with a visitor to see you!"

But as Shan still continued to pay



no attention, the confident ring faded from Michael's voice, and gave way to a quiver of alarm.

"Shan, what's the matter with you? Don't ye hear me, now?"

**N**EVER before had the donkey taken so much rousing from his day dreams. Always at the sound of his herdsman's voice he would look up and obey. Yet Michael need not have been afraid. For Shan at length turned slowly round, and after some hesitation began to move towards them.

"Shan!" cried the old man, going quickly forward, "why do you look at me like that?"

But Shan in fact was *not* looking at him. His eyes were fixed intently on the stranger, and a dim gleam of recognition was roused in them. He halted, and waited for the two to draw up to him.

Then the stranger spoke.

"Shan," he said with a smile, "are you coming?"

For answer, Shan turned his head back to Michael, who was watching, his heart beating, and his limbs trembling, almost as if he expected the poor animal to speak. But Shan never spoke; he only stared, with an expression of sorrow, and bewilderment.

"Shan!" murmured the herdsman,

in a voice that was scarcely more than a whisper—but a whisper that had a great break in it. "Shan!—Ye wouldn't go? Ye wouldn't leave me?"

But only the wind and the sea gave answer, with low wailing sighs that seemed but to echo his own sadness. He trailed his withered fingers through the tangle of the donkey's mane, and he whispered into the ragged old ears:

"It's great friends we've been, Shan—you and me—great friends!"

Again Shan—pained and perplexed—looked up at him, but only for a moment.

**I**T was then that Michael first noticed the stranger's companion. Standing behind the foreign trader, a maiden, closely veiled and slight of stature, waited in silence. How long she had been there he could not say; why she had come, he did not know.

But the foreigner stepped back, and once again beckoned to the donkey. And Shan, turning away from Michael, moved forwards slowly—but oh! so surely.

The stranger took the maiden by the hand, and guided her to meet the approaching animal. There was a look of infinite tenderness on his face, and his humbleness amounted

almost to reverence as he led her forward.

Then it was that the great change came over Shan. He seemed for the first time to notice the strangely-clad maiden, at the side of the other stranger. He started violently, and stopped moving. Then, drooping his shaggy head low, he did what Michael had never seen him, or any other animal, ever do—he sank to his knees in the grass, and crouched there in an attitude replete with homage and devotion.

In his wonderment, Michael could only stand speechless and still. He saw the stranger prepare a seat for his companion on the ass; he saw Shan raise his head with a touch of the old haughtiness as he received his frail burden, and he saw the little party move slowly back across the meadows, and take the road out of Kerry that leads far away from the land of much water and green leaves.

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**W**HEN his eyes had caught the last glimpse of Shan, and could no longer penetrate the darkness that followed him, the old man stooped to pick up the silken purse from its place in the grass, and he noticed that the ground on which it lay was scattered with branches of olives, and strewn with trampled palms.

## The Toys

By SISTER M. BENVENUTA, O.P.

**W**HEN God smiled through a Baby's eyes  
(Miniature of Paradise)

He read time's seven-sealed book  
Wherein the Lamb alone may look,  
And the city urchin's kiss,

Given to some wax bambino,

Met with Mary's in her bliss

On the lips of Jesulino.

(Yea, dear Heart,—and this?)

The folk throng in to Bethlehem  
(God Almighty crows at them);

But I would keep, if so He will,  
Birthdays unrecorded still.

On the day that He was three,

When no shepherds came nor sages,

Sweet it were to think that He,

Down the long road of the ages,  
Saw and smiled on me.

The gold and frankincense and myrrh  
Hailed Him Lord. My gifts aver  
A lowlier, a lovelier thing,  
The Childhood of the Eternal King.  
Take for woolly lamb my will:

On love's string it trundles after.

Draw it, fain to follow still,

Past the years of toys and laughter  
To the last dread Hill.

A singing heart for humming-top  
(Sing, my heart, until you drop),  
For state a mind where you shall trace  
The magic pictures of Your grace.

Yes, these gifts I needs must buy

With red gold on Calvary minted,

Coined by Him for such as I,

Poured uncounted and unstinted—  
Hush, lest Mary cry.

# A Real Jesuit in Disguise

By A. LESLIE-SQUIRE

**T**HERE is a legend that once upon a time a Jesuit was ordered by his superiors, without any reason being given, to go to China and stop there until he died. In the history of the Society there are many tales of adventure far stranger than fiction.

When Father Jerome Xavier (the nephew of St. Francis Xavier) and his fellow Jesuits were at Agra, in the reign of Akbar the Great Mogul, there arrived one day a merchant. He said he had come from Cathay, whose people and king were Christian, and that there were priests, monks, and churches. Interest was aroused, and Father Jerome Xavier and the Great Mogul both thought it would be a good idea for someone to go off and explore this wonder.

For centuries this phantom kingdom of Cathay and its capital, Cambaluc, had haunted the imagination of Europe. Here at last, it was thought, would be found that mysterious priest-king, Prester John. Father Jerome Xavier determined to find out the truth, and there appeared upon the scene a humble lay brother, willing to undertake the journey which was to prove an epoch in geographical knowledge and dispose, for once and all, of the legend of Cathay, and show that it was nothing more than China, where the Jesuits were already conducting flourishing missions under the famous Ricci.

Of the early life of Bento Goes, the obscure lay brother, we know very little. Born about the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, he had been a rolling stone in his youth. Like the Founder of the Society, a soldier, he had led rather a wild career on the coast of Malabar. At the age of twenty-six, filled with remorse at his life of dissipation, he entered one day a Church in Tranvancore and was converted by the sight of a statue of Our Lady and Child; for as he gazed upon the image he saw tears, as it were of milk, falling from the eyes of the Christ Child. He ran out and called his companions, who also saw the miracle, to celebrate which fireworks were immediately let off, to everyone's satisfaction.

Goes was so humble that, though urged, he refused to proceed to the priesthood, and was content to remain a simple lay brother. He was however, a man of some education, and had assisted at peace-making between Akbar and the Portuguese authorities at Goa. It was this man who was selected to get in touch with the supposed Christians of Cathay, and to seek an opportunity for the extension of the Society's work.

**S**o on October 29, 1602, provided with goods and money, and in the dress of an Armenian merchant (the Armenian was ubiquitous in India at this time), Goes, a real Jesuit in disguise, set off from Agra. He was accompanied by two Greeks, Leon Grimon, and one Demetrius, and an Armenian servant named Isaac. Grimon fell out at Kabul. Demetrius accompanied him as far as Yarkand. Only the faithful Isaac remained to the end. For an account of his astonishing journey, first with camel, and then with mule, carrying his merchandise, through India, Afghanistan, Thibet, to the Great Wall, we have only a few letters that he sent back to Father Xavier, and his mutilated diary, which was pieced together later by Father Ricci. He arrived at Lahore and thence set out with a caravan for Peshawar and Kabul, and seems to have expected a long journey, for among other things he carried was a calendar of movable feasts up to the year 1620!

Brother Goes reveals himself in his letters as simple, pious, but very resourceful. He spoke Persian and Turkish fluently and seems to have been quite unafraid. It was a time when Islam was triumphant in Northern India and Central Asia, and we wonder that it was possible for a Christian to get through alive.

All during his journey he seems never to have neglected his religion. He kept Lent scrupulously, said his Office, and even managed to make retreat with St. Ignatius' Exercises!

Men have, from time immemorial, wandered over the face of the earth in search of wealth or adventure, but it is good for a moment to contemplate Goes tramping through forests

and deserts, and over snowclad mountains, in daily peril from Muslim and idolater, and all for the love of God and human souls.

Without Sacraments for five years, when on his death-bed he told the Jesuit lay-brother sent to meet him, that he was not conscious of having committed one mortal sin in all the five years! Often on the journey he had no opportunity for regular prayers.

As he was furnished with letters of recommendation from Akbar and others, in the principal cities he managed always to see the most influential people, the kings and their ministers, and never lost an opportunity of giving a reason for the faith that was in him. Many times he was threatened with death if he would not apostatize, but his calm demeanor saved him. He seems to have had the gift of miracles, as on one occasion he cured the son of a Mahomeddan merchant by placing the Gospels on the child's head and praying.

He expounded the doctrine of the Holy Trinity to the King of Kashgar; and to the same monarch he explained the mysteries of the Breviary and discoursed on the Ascension and the last Judgment. He explained the Christian method of examination of conscience, which excited the admiration of the Moslems. They confessed they could not understand why such an intelligent person should not follow their Law.

**H**E fell in with a Doctor from Thibet, and gathered that the Thibetans were very good Catholics, since they had a Pope (complete with mitre and chasuble) baptized their children 8 days after birth, naming them after the saints portrayed on the walls of their Churches, and had celibate priests and monks. Indeed, Goes gathered that they were even more Catholic than those of the west, since they believed in 8 hells, and 3 heavens! This, of course, is Lamaistic Buddhism; the curious external resemblances to Christianity in which can largely be explained by contact with Nestorian Christianity.

But at last, at Yarkand, Goes

learned that Cathay was a dream and nothing more than China: and that Cambaluc was nothing more than a corruption of the old Tartar name for Peking. He met some merchants who had been next-door neighbors of Fr. Ricci, and they assured him that the Christians were few and far between. Still, he plodded on with his journey to the Great Wall. After some delay he was admitted to China and arrived at Suchou a city in Kansu, a province in Western China, in December, 1605, three years after his departure from Agra. Here he dispatched letters to Fr. Ricci, who, on receipt of these, sent a lay brother right across China to welcome him and conduct him to Peking.

GOES had been provided with funds and merchandise, both by the Society and by the Great Mogul, and he seems to have made good use of them. In Kabul he met the Queen of Kashgar, who was stranded on her return from pilgrimage to Mecca. He helped her out and his generous action stood him in good stead later on, since it ensured him a welcome from the King of Kashgar and from their son, the Prince of Khotan. While in Kashgar, he was protected by the King and his ministers from the fanaticism of the Muslim population.

Goes also advanced money to his fellow travellers, but these dealt very evilly by him. On his death they seized his diary, where record was

made of these transactions, and tore it into fragments. Here comes in one of the romances of history. The fragments were collected by the lay brother, and the ever-faithful Armenian servant, Isaac, and conveyed to Peking. Father Ricci pieced them together as well as he was able, and sent the result to Goa.

We could well wish more had been preserved of the memory of Goes. Beyond the fragments of this diary, and one or two letters written from Lahore on his setting out, and from Yarkand later on, we know very little of his actual adventures. We can imagine this disguised Jesuit, plodding on day after day, with his pack mule, his hair and beard long, and with turban and sword, bow and arrow. In his turban he carried letters of recommendation from the Fathers of the Society, a copy of his vows, and two texts, John 1. 1. and (appropriately enough) the end of St. Mark's Gospel "Going into all the world, preach the Gospel." He did not hide the fact that he was a Christian. Wherever he went he was assiduous in defending the Faith, though so far as we know he made no convert. In fact, he accomplished nothing. Cathay was a myth: the Society knew all about the Jesuits in China and their doings. He had no earthly reward, nor the satisfaction that would have given him the greatest joy, the salvation of souls and the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

He advanced geographical knowledge, but what of that? The overland route to China would have been opened up to Europe in any case, sooner or later. But his life and actions are a supreme example of two great facts, love of God and obedience. He longed for the conversion of the infidels around him and never lost an opportunity of presenting the Faith. As for obedience, his journey is a living witness to the heights of obedience a Christian soul could attain. Supremest failure of all, he never attained his goal. Just beyond the Great Wall he died, far from his fellow Jesuits, with no priest, no sacraments, and was buried in a lonely unknown grave. But his memory must be very dear to the Society and his name should be better known among Catholics.

IT has never been proposed, so far as is known, that his cause should be taken up at Rome, but he certainly died a Confessor for the Faith, and his three years wild goose chase may well be an inspiration for those many who seem to themselves to be pursuing a life of failure.

He gave up all things dearest to him to follow Christ; the society of his fellow Christians, exiling himself from the Society he loved so well, and even from Holy Church herself. He did not find Cathay, but he found his reward in that far-off Chinese town when, on April 7th, 1607, he entered into Heaven.

## At Work in Lourdes

By KATHERINE L. EDGERLY

THE country around the Pyrenees is very calm and lovely. The mountains loom high and purple and the deep valleys are cut up into little story book farms, each complete with its small farmhouse and tiny barn.

Here and there on the hillside a farmer is leisurely drawing a yoke of "crooked-horned, swing paced" oxen over slow, unhurried furrows. No one seems to be doing very much; there doesn't seem to be much to do.

The toy-like train draws into the station, and we enter a decrepit taxi and make our faltering way to the hotel where Madame, a huge wart

between her eyebrows, is always ready for a chat. When dinner is ready the maid comes to the bedroom door to announce it and in a leisurely hour and a half, we are finished.

The little shops on each side of the gently winding street seem to be half asleep, and rather resentful of any interruption. The old ladies sitting outside the gates with their quaint little formal bouquets of compact rows of blue and white flowers, with *Ave Marie* pricked across the tops with black pins, seem loath to disturb themselves under their huge parasols.

But, inside the gates, at the Grotto

of Lourdes, the impression is so totally different as to be startling. Never in my life have I seen such an intensity of work, of hard labor, mental and physical. The immense crowds, all with a purpose, hurry past the beautiful statues in their eagerness to reach the Grotto. In the church Mass is going on at every altar, one beginning as the other finishes—an endless stream of praise. Every kneeling bench has its occupant, with ten waiting for it as soon as it is empty. Outside, down the great, curving, shallow steps, the pilgrims course, singing, praying, hurrying. Down at the Grotto itself



there is a huge crowd of people praying, praying, praying with arms outstretched in the form of a cross, with eyes uplifted in the intensity of their orisons.

The priest in the outdoor pulpit is preaching with such fervor that great drops of sweat roll down into his eyes, only to be dashed off with impatient fingers. His voice, hoarser and hoarser, breaks, but he goes whispering on, imploring, imploring.

The congregation straining forward in their seats listen intently, their eyes upraised, their lips parted. Through the gates of the Grotto an unceasing procession passes, every one in it sliding a rosary between the fingers of the left hand as his right hand reverently and lovingly touches the granite rock, worn smooth and shining by millions of groping, loving, faltering, hoping, despairing fingers.

**T**HERE is almost a palpable flame of prayer rising from that steadily moving line that curves around the flickering candles in the great stand and out the open gate at the other side.

The huge candle in the center melts slowly while the small ones below it, tied in bundles of a dozen pour their wax into the receptacle below. Soon men come with shovels and, bending and straightening rhythmically, pour the hardened wax into barrels. Even this is not a utilitarian gesture but an act of devotion for it is but to make way for more candles, each a prayer.

Outside the Grotto, there is a flagged depression leading to the baths. On it are row after row of stretchers on wheels and row after row of sufferers. They lie there with their poor paralyzed legs dangling, their cancerous face bound in spotless cloths, their sightless eyes staring ahead. Their lips move in silent prayer, or they respond to the litanies which the priests, standing among them, recite aloud.

The priests stand with outstretched arms and with all the force of heart and soul call upon God to help the sufferers. The sick murmur, "Lord, have mercy on us," the spectators standing rows deep outside the iron fence cry out deeply, tearfully, reverently, "Lord, have mercy on us." The handsome peasant, carrying harness over his shoulders, booms out his petition; the old bowed peasant woman with her gnarled hands folded for once in her lap, murmurs softly, "Lord, Lord."

Crowding around the stretchers are men and women, pouring themselves

out in actual physical labor. The men have harnesses over their shoulders and they lift the sufferers from their chairs to the stretchers; gently, tenderly, lovingly, they bear the pain-tortured bodies. The women wear blue and white veils over their heads and white all-over aprons; they serve in the baths dressing and undressing the patients—and one has only to see some of the poor sufferers to realize how akin these voluntary nurses are to Him Who cleansed the lepers.

One of the patients sits in her wheel chair, the tears streaming down her face. She cannot straighten her elbows or her knees and she screams aloud as the stretcher bearers lift her to a stretcher. They lower her by imperceptible degrees and she bites her lips; she cannot clench her hands. Gently, slowly, they wheel her to the curtains before the bath where a stout woman, evidently a housewife of the town giving of her time and energy, takes the handle and pulls the wagon inside.

Another is lifted from her chair onto the stretcher. A slightly lame man who is volunteering his services in thanksgiving for his own cure, pulls it forward toward the curtains. Before he reaches them, we hear the same heart-rending screams and know that the women inside are lowering the paralyzed woman into the healing waters. The others—invalids—patiently awaiting their turns, redouble their prayers, their lips moving, their rosaries slipping through their fingers. Not only for themselves do they pray; these poor broken beings—most of them poorly dressed—are pouring out their whole souls for Her who is within. Soon the curtains part and the motherly woman pushes the stretcher out. The invalid who went in with tear-stained face and bitten lips comes out, a most beatific smile on her face; whether or not she is cured, she is happier. The stretcher bearers hurry to her side and bend gently over her; they lift her slowly to her chair, solicitously murmuring inquiries; she nods and smiles, and nodding and smiling is pushed off up the runway. We are ashamed, we who stand there, insolent in our health, prosperous enough to include Lourdes incidentally in a longer European trip—ashamed before her humble joy.

Now the crowd surges slowly toward the Grotto, double lines are formed and presently the bishop, wrapped in a heavy cope, the canopy only adding to the suffocating heat, comes with the Sacred Host from the

Grotto Altar; slowly he walks back to the great square in front of the church where the stretchers with the sick are drawn up in rows, four deep.

The spectators, behind them, pray unceasingly; under a blazing afternoon sun, the bishop, his heavy vestments swathed around him, works and works tremendously. He bends over every one of those sufferers, touching each with the Monstrance, giving his blessing as he bends. An enormous piece of actual, physical work; the mental strain is too much to be contemplated. Then in the twilight, the pilgrims wearily make their way up the hill—some of them to the charming hotels, by far the greater number to little pensions where they are crowded into tiny rooms, for most of these people are poor. This trip represents to some of them years of saving; to others, even poorer, it represents the charity of some thankful person who, cured, has contributed to the fund for providing free trips to that most blessed, saddest and happiest spot, Lourdes.

**N**EAR the Grotto, in the deepening shadow, sits a figure which is typical of the place. An old French priest, too tired to move, sits on a rock near the statue gazing up at it. His elbow rests on his knee and his chin is cupped in his hand. Two fingers of his other hand keep his place in his breviary. His cassock is a weather-beaten green, except for a great black, square patch in front, which reaches from the hem to the knee, set in with tiny stitches. His brogans with inch thick soles are gray with dust. His has been no life of cloistered contemplation or literary ease. He has trudged across the furrowed fields in summer and through icy storms in winter to minister to his scattered flock; he has shared his frugal means with those less fortunate even than himself—he has *worked*.

But here he sits alone, dusty, weary but beatifically happy to be there with Her who appeared to a little village maid, just such a one as he has known all his life, to bring health and healing to the world.

Listen not to a slanderer or detractor for he tells you nothing out of good-will; but as he discovereth of the secrets of others, so he will of thine in turn.—SOCRATES.

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging in excess.—ROUSSEAU.

# The Scarlet Figure of History



Illustrations by W. Rhodes

By DANIEL B. PULSFORD

**M**ACBETH, after he and his wife have conspired to murder King Duncan, cries out:

"What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes! Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red."

And Lady Macbeth, walking in her sleep, is heard to exclaim:

"Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

The haunting horror from which these two regicides could not escape Pontius Pilate thought to rid himself of by the simple expedient of washing his hands in public. But his ablutions have had no effect upon his reputation. In a vivid phrase, he is "the Scarlet Figure of History." It was his fate to have his name passed down the centuries in the creed of unnumbered millions as the official by whose express command was executed the King of Kings. "Crucified under Pontius Pilate" is a phrase that will echo to the end of time.

And yet, compared with the yelping mob, thirsting for his Prisoner's blood, he appears judicious and even dignified. He did not want to condemn Jesus and resorted to one device after another to rid himself of the responsibility. First, he sent Him to Herod, hoping that the Tetrarch would take the matter off his hands. When that failed, according to one account, he had Him scourged as a compromise between crucifixion and unconditional release. His next move was to invoke the law which allowed him to free one prisoner at the Feast. As we have seen, he tried to put the blame on the accusers by a ritual act of washing. Publicly he declared that he found nothing in the Condemned worthy of death. That he wanted to save Him is quite evident.

This is the more remarkable when we consider Pilate's record. He was known as a brutal autocrat. Three times his tactlessness had nearly brought about an uprising of the populace. Once when he had introduced effigies of Caesar into the Holy City and all but massacred the deputation which came to protest; a second time when imperial images were installed in his palace; and a third time when he rifled the Temple treasury for funds with which to build an aqueduct. These incidents picture a man whom one would expect to act in a

very different manner from that adopted by the Procurator. Summary executions were more in his line than this hesitancy to condemn.

This black record throws into the stronger relief the merciful attitude adopted in dealing with the Nazarene. The struggle he made on his Prisoner's behalf should plead, one might think, for a lenient view of Pilate's conduct. Yet the verdict of mankind has been that expressed in the phrase quoted. He is "the Scarlet Figure of History."

**A**ND the instinct which dictates that verdict is right. It is remembered that the Governor had full power to acquit this Victim of Jewish bigotry and to secure Him against the fury of His fellow-countrymen. The authority of the greatest empire the world has known was behind him. He was himself convinced of the Prisoner's innocence, and it was his duty, at all costs, to act on that conviction. He was afraid of a tumult and of reports to Rome affecting his popularity there. Peace must be preserved at any price, even at the price of justice. This base argument led to the cowardly forfeiture of magisterial prerogatives in obedience to a fanatical mob.

There is something very modern about the Pilate who pleads for this

persecuted Prophet: Beside the narrow-minded crew of greasy pilgrims, provincial-minded citizens and mercenary ecclesiastics, he wears the aspect of the tolerant man of the world. His cosmopolitan air gives to the episode the appearance of a local brawl. If he does not use the slogans of modern toleration, it is only because they were not then coined.

**I**T is easy to imagine him saying, in the spirit of that ancient Rome which housed so many strange cults, "Surely there is room for a difference of opinion. None of us knows absolutely what is the truth. So long as this man has not offended against the State, what you regard as his heresies are no concern of mine. Come! be sensible. Agree to differ! We can't all think alike. It would be a miserable world if we did. Jesus appears to me to be an honest man and well-behaved citizen. If he does not conform entirely to your religious notions, you should exercise a little broad-mindedness. Personally your 'ologies and 'isms don't interest me. The gods are not going to be hard on a man because he exercises an independent mind on such matters."

If he did not say that, it was something of the sort which his manner conveyed. But such urbane sentiments had no chance in that crowd. The hoarse shouts which break out whenever he attempts conciliation are like the fierce beating of a sea. Nor is it merely noise. Underneath that turmoil, Pilate, well instructed in such things, detects a sinister note. There are men in that swaying mob who looked like animals which have fastened their fangs in some prey, tearing the tender flesh and growling at any threat to deprive them of their capture. He heard that same note when they besieged him at Caesarea demanding the removal of the imperial effigies and refusing to budge even when armed soldiers appeared and a massacre seemed imminent. "People like this will die rather than concede one iota of their creed," he says to himself. "I must be careful not to anger them too much."

Before the onrush of fanaticism, his dilettantism is like a sand castle crumbling under the fall of a breaker. He hates these Jews, but he cannot resist them. They have the strength of fierce passions while his pose of cultured tolerance is nothing more than a disguised indifference respecting the ultimate mysteries. He has only one real passion—that of per-

sonal ambition. When that nerve is touched, when it is suggested that Caesar may hear and disapprove of his failure to convict a noted Agitator, the weakness of the believe-what-you-like pose immediately becomes quite evident.

The Procurator is swept into the

current of Jewish hate and is carried with it down the centuries, identified for ever with the murderers of the Son of God. It was, be it noted, a man singularly like the modern type which surrendered Jesus into the hands of His executioners. And that man is called "the Scarlet Figure



**A**ND when morning was come, all the chief priests and ancients of the people took counsel against Jesus, that they might put Him to death. And they brought Him bound to Pontius Pilate, the governor. . . . And Jesus stood before the governor, and the governor asked Him, saying: "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" Jesus saith to him: "Thou sayest it." And when He was accused by the chief priests and ancients, He answered nothing. Then Pilate saith to Him: "Dost Thou not hear how great testimonies they allege against Thee?" And He answered him to never a word; so that the governor wondered exceedingly. . . . But the chief priests and ancients persuaded the people that they should . . . make Jesus away. Pilate saith to them: "What shall I do, then, with Jesus that is called Christ?" They say all: "Let Him be crucified." The governor said to them: "Why, what evil hath He done;" But they cried out the more, saying, "Let Him be crucified." And Pilate seeing that he prevailed nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, taking water, washed his hands before the people, saying: "I am innocent of the blood of this just man; look you to it." And the whole people answering, said: "His blood be upon us and upon our children." Then he . . . having scourged Jesus, delivered Him unto them to be crucified.—St. Matthew.



of History." I repeat that we are right in regarding this urbane indifference to the vital issues of faith as a deadly thing. It sins by becoming the tool of the worst passions known to mankind. Its weakness of conviction makes it the easy victim of fanaticism. It is capable of succumbing with scarcely a struggle to the fierce hatreds that ever war upon the Church of God.

Let us be explicit. It is but foolish to beat about the bush. The world is full of Pilates today and the criminal possibilities of their attitude need to be noted. Self-deception, in this case, is dangerous.

**W**ESTERN civilization at the present is in much the position of this Roman Governor. A fierce persecution of all things Christian has broken out in Bolshevik Russia. It is no sporadic movement but a definitely organized, intensive campaign against religion. The Moscow atheists offer no apologies, suggest no compromises. The gashed corpses of martyred priests and the smoke going up from burning churches testify to the fact that the Anti-God program is no mere academic flourish. Russia's atheism is militant; it means business. It is passionate, insistent, fanatical. The agencies it has set to work have the harsh, metallic sound of some ruthless machine. They sweep the ground with the deadly precision of a machine-gun. Never since it was first uttered did the cry, "Crucify Him" have so menacing and determined a sound.

And while this goes on the modern world does nothing. It does not like religious persecution and says so. It has no great love for organized religion, but sees no reason why churches should be molested. Christianity has fostered many philanthropies and seems to be a harmless sort of thing. Why this brutal repression of what quite a number of respectable and intelligent people believe? So talks the Twentieth Century Dilettante—the urbane, tolerant representative of Pilate.

But the mood which regards Christianity as a matter of taste is no match for that which looks on it as "the dope of the people," the enemy of popular rights, a foe to be fought with every possible weapon. Without stamina, devoid of dogma and without any structural coherence, the vague cults of our time with their patronizing approval of Christian sentiment and rejection of Christian institutions cannot stand up against

the hot lava-flood of Red Russian atheism.

The compromises by which they seek to save the situation are as futile as Pilate's suggestion that Jesus should be scourged but not crucified. If He is not guilty, why scourge Him? If guilty, why not crucify Him? The Jewish priests might well have asked these questions. With equal reason the logical mind sees that where the claims of Christ and His Church are concerned there can be today no compromise. Ultimately the battle must resolve itself into one between an out-and-out atheistic propaganda and the dogmatic Christianity of the Catholic Church. The Pilates of our age must take their choice between these two.

There can be no doubt that many will follow the example set them nineteen-hundred-and-odd years ago and march in the wake of an anti-religious movement that at least knows its own mind.

They will not lack motives. Russia is potentially one of the richest countries in the world. Already many millions of dollars are invested in her industries. "Where your treasure is there will be your heart also" is a true principle in this instance. A militant Bolshevism with oil fields to offer, with unexploited agricultural wealth calling for modern methods and machinery, with a powerful army capable of over-awing the Orient has arguments for the suppression of Christianity that cannot be defied.

A public whose opinions are newspaper-made will prove an easy victim for those great syndicates which are interested in foreign investments and at the same time are provided with the means of forming the popular mind. A creedless, none-sacramental type of Christianity cannot resist the financial appeal made by the organs of this press or fail to draw its own conclusions from the discreet silence maintained by the news agencies concerning the darker features of Russian life.

And as there is no lack of motive so there will be no lack of excuses. Communism makes an appeal to a certain type of sentimental idealism. It is supposed to be the champion of the poor against a rapacious bourgeoisie. Already a distinguished Quaker lady has told us the Bolsheviks in their social order "have gone so far beyond us in the embodiment of Christian ideas that, in spite of all their irreligious jargon their society is a more Christian one than

ours." Pilate is already beginning to capitulate to the mob. History has seen stranger alliances than that between the supercilious intellectual of America and Western Europe and the Moscow-ruled hordes of Communism.

Pilate covered his defeat with a jest at the expense of those to whose pertinacity he had submitted. The modern man does the same. He is a fatalist and a cynic and when he has given way to what he calls the inevitable he compensates himself for the loss of self-respect by ridiculing his conquerors. We must not take too seriously the ironic pictures drawn of the Communistic Utopia, the jibes at the expense of the Bolshevik experiment and its sorry results. Did not the Roman Procurator write over the Cross of Israel's Messias, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews"?

There is only one Power capable of meeting the Muscovite menace—a Power by means of which the indecisive may retrieve the day for their souls. The fierceness of fanaticism must be met with the burning devotion of the true Faith. The propaganda of atheism can be thrown back only by a Church capable of kindling an equally ardent enthusiasm. The definite, dogmatic principles of a materialistic philosophy need for their refutation the still more authoritative teaching of the Church. The discipline which marshals the forces of a blasphemous proletariat will meet its match in the ordered ranks of Catholicism. The passion of the Cross, and that alone, can rout the passions which shout in hoarse chorus, "Crucify Him!"

**T**HE weakling who ruled Jerusalem in the name of Rome was between the two great protagonists who contend for this world. To maintain a neutral attitude was impossible and he surrendered to Hell. He might have submitted to his Prisoner, acquitted Him and taken the consequences. Those consequences would have been, in all probability, serious—a deputation to Tiberius and a speedy recall for Pilate. He would have lost earlier the post which he forfeited later. But he would have saved his name from eternal infamy as "the Scarlet Figure of History" and his soul from the fate that overtakes moral cowardice.

We, too, have to make similar choice. There are in the world today only two forces which count—the Church of Jesus Christ and those arrayed against her.

# Catholics and Our Public Schools

By BURTON CONFREY

**N**ON-CATHOLIC leaders in religious education, such as Dr. Luther A. Weigle of Yale, believe that our public schools can satisfy only the atheist, that they foster irreligion and infidelity by suggesting to the child's mind that "religion is negligible, or unimportant, or irrelevant to the real business of life," . . . that "religion has no real bearing on the development of character" . . . "We must keep sectarianism out of our schools" . . . but "we must not surrender the public schools to the sectarianism of irreligion." With such a condition of affairs, since the Catholic Church is making a determined stand against this deletion of Christianity from our ideals of government, it may be advantageous to restate the Catholic position.

We distinguish between opposition to secularism in education and antagonism to public education, which is by no means synonymous with "the public school system." Throughout history, and with equal energy today, the Catholic Church has encouraged training of the heart, of the intelligence, and of the will; and public education is only that, carried on by public agents. The various schools, colleges and universities, as well as all phases of art and communication, of music and drama, which evoke the best in the individual, constitute public education; and the Church has ever led with its contribution to this cause, whether it be through the great universities of Europe during the Middle Ages, or through the contributions of Catholics to the support of state schools, which they cannot attend, or to their parochial schools which have cost them a hundred millions dollars in addition.

Although those who delude themselves with the thought that the public schools are their private property have often chastised Catholics in print for their insistence that their children be given religious training, the latter feel in no way apologetic for the stand their consciences demand that they take. They know we cannot have a "non-religious" school any more than we could have a "non-religious" or "non-moral" home.

Some kind of morality must be inculcated; subjects in the school curriculum must have an order of importance, and truth lies in proportion.

To become conscious of this fact we need but read the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on Christ the King (December 23, 1922) and "A Personal Record" (*Thought*, March, 1930), which describes the irreligion of a state university. "If there is any religion among that class, it is a Godless religion of humanity whose only organ is history. It has levelled Christ to a race and an epoch, confined Him with the rest of mankind within the dimensions of time and space, and resolved Him and His saints with its psychology into laboratory bottles and sealed up with corks."

In justice Catholic American citizens should not be reprimanded and pronounced un-American because they have the truth and because their devotion to the spirit of our national institutions cannot be questioned. It may well be asked, since it is necessary for a doctor, for instance, to learn his profession in a medical school, why a Catholic may not attend a Catholic school without becoming an enemy to the country. And again, have we not wandered far from the ideals of the founders of our government if, as the *New York Times* editorial on the Encyclical on Education suggests, the very foundations of our Republic would be disturbed should all the Catholics refuse—as they are in conscience bound to refuse—to subject their children to an education during which they may never officially hear of the existence of God or of His revelation to man?

Under the principle for which the War of Independence was fought, Catholics should share the public benefits their contribution in taxes insures. They are right in warring on a secular theory of State which acknowledges only man's temporal needs. Their opposition to the historical and philosophical falsity of pretending that our constitutional form of government must rest on the secularized public school, which did not exist for

a half century after the Revolution, is but evidence of true Americanism. Colonial America knew no school without religious teaching; the framers of the Constitution never heard of a purely secular school; in fact, the secularized school is an imitation, imported about the middle of the nineteenth century.

That the neo-pagan philosophy of France and Germany, which would deny religion and morality as the safeguards of good government, as the "firmest props of the duties of men and citizens," is another importation, we realize when reading Washington's Farewell Address. After a century of the secularized public school, less than forty per cent of our population claim to be Christian, and we are the most criminal country in the world.

Wherever Catholics have settled on the face of the earth, the church and school have appeared. By teaching loyalty to God and basing loyalty to country on that love, the two become inseparable. Knowing this, they have no designs on the public school; but they must insist that the State has no right to tax anyone to give any child the wrong kind of education, one resting on a false and un-Christian philosophy of secularism. The State has supplementary rights—to set up standards, and so forth; but no citizen with his country's best interests at heart can stand by while helpless children are denied a training which would inculcate principles of morality based on supernatural revelation, indispensable to their becoming honorable and decent men and women.

**I**N this connection, the Papal Encyclical on Education says: "Without proper religious and moral instruction, as Leo XIII warned, every care of souls will be unhealthy; young people, unaccustomed to the respect of God, will not be able to bear the discipline of honest life, and, accustomed never to deny anything to their greed, will easily be induced to bring havoc in states." An increasing number of non-Catholics are achieving this point of view.

At the present time three attitudes

toward the secularization of the public school system appear. Catholics hold that to offer no religious training or non-sectarian religious instruction is unsatisfactory. The solution, they feel, is parochial schools taught by our own teachers; and since these schools relieve the State of an obligation and a burden, by accepting

State standardization and supervision, they should have State support. Many non-Catholics, believing that religion is essential to character formation—which they consider the most important goal of education—would have religious instruction in the public schools and in the meantime are experimenting with week-day religious

education after school hours. A third group want the Church and State entirely separated, the latter having no obligation to train religiously. They would remove the Bible and all phases of religious teaching from the schools, confining it to the church and home. To Catholics the first attitude alone is acceptable.

## The Changing Home

By ANSELM SECOR, C. P.

**R**ECENTLY, a party of young people were looking over a magazine which depicted the styles of clothing worn back in the "gay nineties." The perusal gave rise to much vivacious comment, interspersed with gales of laughter. For the long dresses, the odd-shaped hats, the stiff angular designs, were as foreign to the youth of today as were the ruffs and high head-dresses of Elizabethan days. "And yet," commented the mother of one of the vastly amused youngsters, "when I was a girl, those same strange-looking outfits were the last word in style."

And so it goes. The world of today laughs at the world of yesterday, and prides itself on its wisdom and superior qualities. Caught in the whirl of change, we are hurried on to new, if not better things, and push our way impatiently towards what we consider progress.

One might moralize for days without end on the far reaching effects of these changes. They are so self-evident that they can hardly escape the observation of even the most casual observer. Compare, for example, the quaint methods of the counting houses of 1850 with the mechanical efficiency of modern business; or the discreet, formal advertisements of the Colonial age with the strident "Reach for a Lucky" methods of our own times; or the fashionable phaeton of Civil War days with the bumper-to-bumper uproar of Michigan avenue on a Sunday afternoon, and you can realize what change means.

Leaving other conclusions aside, we may well wonder just how all this so-called progress is effecting a very vital institution in which we should be very much interested—namely, the

home. Perhaps some learned historian in years to come, delving into the records of the present age, will be able to chronicle accurately the profound influence of today's mechanical inventions on modern living conditions. The automobile, radio, sports, daylight saving, the movies—all these contribute their quota to the

**T**HIS is an age of speed, and of yet more speed. Men are paid big money today for finding new and better ways of quickening the already rapid tempo of life. What we want, we want in a hurry, and we are impatient of delay.

This urge towards haste is reflected in modern home life, and some of its manifestations are rather breath-taking to the old-fashioned and the conservative. To know when to apply the brakes is a serious parental problem, not only when driving the family car, but also in the management of the home.—Editor.

spirit of change, so close to the heart of the modernist.

The dear dead days when the family gathered around the parlor harmonium to sing pallidly sentimental songs are replaced in our times by a four-legged mechanical voice that is either exhorting us to "Dance around in our bones," or else to buy this, that or the other. The yodel of the young lad, calling his pal to evening

sports, gives way to the honk of the boy friend's car; and what an electrical effect that honk has on those who are languidly clearing away the dishes after the evening meal.

Undoubtedly, too, the emancipation which has broken down so many other barriers, has had a profound effect on the home. Restraints have been pushed aside and new liberties have taken their place. Rights have been successfully defended, and duties minimized or cast aside altogether. The chaperon has disappeared, or else, in many cases, she herself is in need of chaperonage. And the Eighteenth Amendment has appeared, like some new element of disturbance in an already seething condition, to cause a veritable frenzy of turmoil.

Have modern changes had any influence on the spiritual condition of the home? How can we doubt it when we consider the tremendous effect of morals on the religious spirit of the times, and when we reflect on the determined assault which the modern world is making on the very principles which underlie the sanctity of the home. Prayers in common; catechetical instruction; selective reading; training methods—all these very important duties are considered in a different light, and their presence or absence widely reacts either for good or for evil.

**T**HE student of present-day conditions sees clearly certain well-defined results which proceed from the complex civilization which surrounds us at the present time. Some of these results may be praiseworthy from the standpoint of individual liberty, but are they so worthy of praise when we subject them to the stern scrutiny of sound morals?



It is only too evident, for example, that in many homes, the spirit of restlessness has taken the place of the spirit of contentment, causing not only the younger generation but even their elders to suffer from a kind of claustrophobia, which refuses to regard peace and quiet as desirable qualities, and which is not satisfied unless ceaselessly occupied with what they consider diversion and amusement outside the home circle.

This spirit of restlessness often shows itself in the inclination to belittle the recreations which the home can offer. Young people particularly, accustomed as they are to take as a matter of course the casual luxuries of the great middle class, sometimes turn up the nose disdainfully at home surroundings, home conveniences, and home manners. Comparisons, often odious enough in themselves, are made doubly so by both ingratitude and injustice, and scant regard is had for opportunities which others regard with envy and eagerly accept.

"Imported" is frequently a magic word with the gullible, and distance lends enchantment to the view. How true these words are when applied to those who are never satisfied with what parents can give them, but who are making constant and invidious comparison with what the neighbors have, especially in the line of material luxuries.

LACK of appreciation leads to lack of attachment. What we look upon with contempt, we can feel no affection for; and what we belittle in our own minds will always be too unimportant to claim either our notice or our devotion. A home which is regarded as merely a sort of glorified garage, where we can park whenever we are not roaming the free open spaces of life will soon degenerate into the casual accommodation of the Indian wigwam or the kraal of the South African bushman.

Fat matrons and pudgy grandpas, puffily executing the latest dance steps in the jazziest night clubs, overtaxing their hearts and giving a laughable imitation of flaming youth—this is one of the curious products of our own times. They would look far better and feel far more comfortable on the family front porch, or placidly reading the evening through around the livingroom table. The admonition "be your age" has far more significance than merely as a slang expression. It contains practical advice which, if heeded, would bring both

spiritual and physical profit to those concerned.

IN seeking a remedy for home conditions which are disconcerting, to say the least, we are forced to the conclusion that the greatest single item of reform lies within the grasp of those who are primarily responsible, that is, the parents. They must have the interest and the good will to set themselves resolutely against the often bold, often insidious attacks of the forces of evil; to devote time and energy in abundance towards the task to which they are divinely called.

When this interest is lacking, where household affairs are conducted in a casual, slipshod manner, is it any wonder that the home is an open house where mischief and evil can enter at will? Parents should realize that, with the coming of children into the home, the carefree days of early youth have gone, to be replaced by a wiser, broader viewpoint, not bounded by selfish ambition or frivolous desires, but resolutely embracing responsibilities as they come.

"Children of a larger growth" is what the poet calls us, and rightly so. It is astonishing, at times, how grown men and women, mature physically and perfectly willing to commit themselves to the most serious duties, can blithely wander along the path of life, artfully dodging the majority of the burdens which come their way. They buy on the installment plan and let the bill collector do the worrying; they stroll in late for work, and the answer to their employers' protest will be an impudent grin, or else a look of pained astonishment, as of

one who has been treated shamefully.

They lose their job, and for weeks they pull up at the relative's table, not caring who pays for the food as long as they do the eating. This is a wonderful attitude as long as they get by with it. But it does not make for prosperity, nor, in the long run, for contentment. For as we grow older we must be prepared to assume our share of the burdens of life.

Check and double check, made popular by Amos and Andy, was in use long before their time. It is a well known formula in the business world, in science, in educational circles. Would that it were better known within the home circle as well.

Foolishness, it is true, is not the peculiar property of the young. One need only look around to realize that wisdom does not always come with advancing years, nor does good sense invariably dwell beneath the thatch of hair that is whitened by the frosts of advancing age. And yet it is the law of life that part of our knowledge must come from experience; and it is the duty of love to see to it that, when possible, those for whom we are responsible should learn from the bitter experience of others rather than from their own.

If they are ignorant, they must be taught; if they are headstrong, they must be curbed; if impatient, they must be restrained. And even though, in their younger years, they may be puzzled or even resentful, when sober reflection comes, they will thank gratefully the father and mother who kept them from the folly which they sought so eagerly, and which might have wrecked their lives.

## Queen of Our Race

By FRANCIS GABRIEL WELDON

O LADY fair, I see in thy great state,  
The beauty of the moon and its soft light;  
In thee God's splendor's tempered to our sight  
As awful light of sun the moon doth bate.  
In those who pass through Heaven's crystal gate  
And see thee raised to thy supernal height  
And so in us who for thy Son still fight  
What great desire thou hast the pow'r to sate.  
In thee there lies some mystic charm to fill  
That longing of our hearts to gaze upon  
A being well nigh divine, yet still  
Of our own race, from which so long were gone  
The beauty, goodness, pow'r, lost until  
In thee once more they have so brightly shone.

# Give This Man Place

*Chapters on the Life and Character of St. Joseph*

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.

## III. The Chosen Man

**T**HE time had come for the accomplishment of the great mystery of the Incarnation. The Son of God was to be made Man. It was His will to be born of a virgin by the power of the Holy Ghost without the ordinary intervention of man. He was to choose the mother of whom He was to be born. He chose Mary. I need to know nothing else about her. Of all the millions of women of all creation to be chosen by God for such a sublime honor, is the one fundamental fact of Mary's greatness. What beauty in her very name! If it be Egyptian, it signifies the well-beloved; if Syrian, Lady, Princess, Sovereign; if Hebrew, the bright one, the illuminatrix, powerful, magnificent. But very likely the name is an alteration of the word *môr*, signifying myrrh. But poetical as the name is, all the poetry and panegyric of the world could exhaust itself and yet fall short of describing her as God describes her by His very act of choosing her to be the Mother of His Divine Son.

It is so hard, so impossible, for us Catholics to exaggerate the beauty of Mary, knowing that, no matter how fulsome our praise of her, we could not begin to approach the praise from God Himself. Say that she is the Mother of God and you say everything. Great privilege as the Immaculate Conception was, it is one of the easiest things to believe about her. Looking at the matter in a logical, matter-of-fact way, I cannot see where you are going to limit the favors of God to her. She was second only to Jesus the Son of God.

Now the point I want to stress is this. Since the life, the work of Mary, was to be epochal, since she held a high place in the order of the Hypostatic Union, and since it was in the plan of God that a husband should be given to her, both to protect her virginity and her good name, as well as to protect the good name of her Child and provide for His material wants, it was due to her that a man should be chosen for this office who would not be unworthy of her. I know that God could make no mistake about the man, and I also know that Mary would not allow herself to be married to a man that was not in every respect worthy. Mary was God's Paradise; He would see that it had a fitting guardian. As Father Southwell says:

"God lent His Paradise to Joseph's care  
Wherein He was to plant the Tree of Life."

Mary at the time of her espousals was no simple little child. She was a woman of wisdom. There is the undeniable tradition that at the age of three she was presented in the Temple and committed to the service of God, where she remained eleven years, sewing and spinning, helping to make the priestly vestments and, above all, meditating and praying and studying the things of God. There, too, she was inspired to make her vow of

virginity. With a beautiful mentality, clear as a bell since original sin had never hurt it, and full of the grace of God, she was at the age of fourteen, when she was espoused to Joseph, a woman, perfect in intellect and soul and heart.

We are not told of all God's dealings with Mary. After all, why should we be? She had made a vow of virginity, yet she espoused herself to a man. St. Thomas says that Mary made a vow of chastity before her marriage but that it was only on condition that such would be pleasing to God, and that it was only after her espousals that she made together with St. Joseph a vow of perpetual virginity. It was enough for her that God directed her to do what she did, and I am sure that Mary was familiar enough with God to have Him speak to her and direct her personally. If you cannot believe that, then the whole story of the condescension of the Incarnation must be a closed book to you.

It is easy to believe that Joseph also made a vow of perpetual virginity. St. Peter Damien says that it was the belief of the Church, and many of the great Church Fathers hold to it. St. Thomas says that Mary before marrying him knew that he had made that vow, and the Doctors and Fathers of the Church, from St. Augustine down, believe it. We find the same fact expressed in the revelations of Catherine Emmerich, Mary of Agreda and St. Bridget, as well as in some of the apocryphal writings, all indicating a general belief. The Bollandists attest that the whole Latin Church after St. Jerome believed that Joseph lived and died a virgin. Cornelius á Lapide says beautifully that Joseph might be called an angel rather than a man, and St. Francis de Sales says that he surpassed all saints and angels in virginity.

There is an old tradition that Joseph was chosen by lot to be Mary's husband. It is a tradition which cannot be lightly discarded, since it is accepted by many Fathers of the Church. By this lot the choice of God was manifested through his ministers. It is a tradition that has colored Christian art. The story is that the Jewish priests, desiring to select a husband for Mary when she was about to leave the Temple, summoned all the unmarried men of her own tribe, that of the tribe of David, and bade every one of them bring a rod with his name upon it. The rod which would be found to have blossomed on the following day would indicate that its owner was the chosen one. And lo, the rod of Joseph bloomed while a dove descended upon it.

**A** BEAUTIFUL story; whether it is historical or not makes little difference. It might be that way or any other. No doubt the choice was governed by the very law of God as expressed in the Book of Numbers, wherein it is commanded—"For all men shall marry wives of their own tribe and kindred, and all women shall take husbands of the same tribe, that the inheritance may remain in the families, and that tribes be not

mingled one with another, but remain so as they were separated by the Lord" (*Numbers*, 36:7-10.) Anyway the fact remains that God made a personal choice when he chose Mary, and it is very easy to accept the old tradition that in like manner He chose the man who was to be her husband. And yet, I say, apart from all that, the fact that Mary herself allowed herself to be espoused to Joseph is proof enough of his worth. Her holy virgin heart could mate only with a holy virgin heart for, as St. Ambrose says, they were both one spirit. Mary could only choose a just man.

Mayhap 'tis but a legend  
The ancient writers tell,  
That in God's Holy Temple  
Your rod began to swell,  
And burst to lily blossoms  
To prove God's wondrous plan,  
That for the Virgin Mother  
He chose you Husbandman.

Of fact or legend be it,  
A greater truth was there  
Though only Virgin Mary  
Beheld the vision fair.  
She saw in your soul's garden  
The virgin lilies stand,  
And knew God made you worthy  
To touch her virgin hand.

#### IV. The Just Man

**A**CCORDING to the old tradition the espousals of Mary and Joseph took place at Jerusalem, though some maintain that it was at Nazareth that both the espousals and marriage took place. If the espousals took place at Jerusalem, Joseph and Mary must have gone to Nazareth immediately afterwards, since it was at Nazareth that the Incarnation took place. We know not for certain just where the espousals took place, nor why the blessed pair went to live at Nazareth, unless it was that Joseph had to go there in order to make a living at his trade of carpenter.

What a blessed couple they were! How happy Joseph must have been to be chosen as the spouse of this wonderful maiden! He was then in vigorous manhood. Nothing certain is known of his age at the time. The Apocryphal gospels say that he was then an old man, a widower with several children. One can see that the reason of ascribing this age to him was an attempt to account for the "brethren" of the Lord who are mentioned in the Gospels. But it was a mistaken attempt, since the term "brethren" can signify merely cousins or, indeed, any relationship. The attempt, too, came too late in the history of the Church to be accounted as a tradition. It was only in the fifth century that Joseph was referred to as an old man. Up to that time it had been the tradition of the Church that at the time he espoused Mary he was a man in the prime of life, say under forty. Mary of Agreda says he was thirty-three.

In early ages he was pictured as young, almost beardless. St. Justine says that in beauty and appearance he was most like Our Lord. So that while some of the Fathers said that he was old, others, like St. Jerome, denied this, and maintained that he needed to be young and vigorous, and was a rugged, majestic young man. And that seems to be more fitting, considering the work

that he had to do during the time of the Flight into Egypt, and the subsequent work at Nazareth, of protecting and caring for Mary and the Child Jesus. Anyway, there is no special reverence given to him as the spouse of Mary by making him an old man; on the contrary it is incongruous and even ridiculous.

**B**UT the espousals were not long made when Joseph was submitted to a fiery ordeal. He discovered soon, perhaps after the return from the Visitation, that the spouse who had told him that she had made a vow of virginity was with Child. It was a terrible blow. He could not understand it. It seemed impossible to believe that Mary had been unfaithful, and yet all evidence of the senses seemed to condemn her. St. Thomas and others do not admit that Joseph had any suspicion of Mary's guilt, but that he wished to go away from her because he thought himself too unworthy even to be in her presence. On the other hand, St. Augustine and others thought that Joseph believed in her guilt. This idea seems to be inadmissible, but, on the other hand, to say that he wished to go away out of reverence for Mary does not agree with the text of the Gospel. Others try to solve the problem by saying that he did not doubt her chastity but knew that there was some mystery, and, not being able to grasp it, decided to put her away privately. For, they say, if he had really believed her guilty, he would have been obliged to denounce her to the authorities. He could not understand it, so left it all to God. It is almost impossible to solve the question, but, at any rate, no matter what his thoughts, Joseph suffered agony of soul.

But, we may ask, what of the agony that Mary endured in witnessing his uncertainty in, perhaps, knowing that he had suspicion of her loyalty? One may ask why she did not tell him the whole story, why she did not relate to him the wonders that had been wrought in her by the power of the Holy Ghost? But the question arises, Would he have believed such an extraordinary story? She bided her time. She was under the guidance of God. In His own good time He would manifest Himself. She had too much humility to ask why God did not exonerate her immediately. And moreover it was not necessary that Joseph be admitted into all the secrets of God.

Meanwhile Joseph had come to a decision. Whatever his personal love and admiration for Mary, there was the law of God to be followed. "If a man take a wife," said the Law, "and have her and she find not favor in his eyes for some uncleanness, he shall write a bill of divorce and shall give it in her hand, and send her out of his house." (*Deuteronomy* 24:1.) Now the Law meant all to Joseph, for he was a just man. St. Matthew relates the incident thus: "Now the generation of Christ was in this wise. When as His Mother Mary was espoused to Joseph before they came together she was found with Child of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon Joseph being a just man and not willing publicly to expose her was minded to put her away privately." (1:18-19.)

Surely Joseph had his portion of the Cross, and Mary already from the first moment of the Incarnation was compelled to be the Mother of Sorrows. Joseph went through his ordeal as a man of God. He was willing to sacrifice Mary and his love for her rather than base the happiness of his house on what he believed to be a violation of God's law. But, once he put himself on the side of God, God stepped in and rescued him. St.



Matthew tells us: "But while he thought on these things, behold the Angel of the Lord, appeared to him in his sleep, saying, 'Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost' . . . And Joseph rising up from sleep did as the Angel of the Lord had commanded him and took unto him his wife." (1:20-24.)

There was no reproach for Joseph. How could there be? He had served his God; and God in recognition of his zeal for His Law pronounced upon him the greatest panegyric that any man had ever deserved—that Joseph was a JUST MAN! Knowing that, we know the essential greatness of the man. St. Jerome says: "Joseph is called just on account of having possessed all virtues in a perfect degree." And all the Doctors of the Church agree that no grace was conceded to any other saint, except Mary, which was not granted to Joseph. With all that in view, how can anyone fail to have the utmost confidence in his power before the Throne of God?

Joseph in your vaulted shrine,  
Virgin lilies are your sign.

Virgin you with Jesse's Rod  
Ruled the Virgin Son of God.

Virgin you must be to wait  
On the Maid Immaculate.

Three the Holy Family,  
Three all virginal must be.

Good St. Joseph, by your Rod  
Keep me virginal to God!

## V. A Rich Man

**T**HINGS turned out differently from what Joseph the carpenter expected. In the natural course of events he might have expected that he would perpetuate his line. Then, all of a sudden, it was made known to him that he was espoused to a girl who would ever remain a virgin, and, more, that this girl was the centre of the greatest thing that had ever happened in creation. Joseph had a rival; but the rival was God. Somehow, there seems to have been an attempt on the part of some commentators to give us the impression that Joseph rebelled against an imposed virginity. They have denied that Mary even remained a virgin, they have sought to prove that the "brethren" of the Lord were really the subsequent children of Joseph and Mary. What the purpose is, it is hard to see. Beneath it all is the conviction that there is something unbearable about virginity, the placing of unnecessary restraint upon a man and woman. They would picture a virginal Joseph as a frustrated man, a man who had been tricked by God, as if it were an unheard of thing even in our own day that husbands and wives should keep themselves continent. In the lives of holy men and women it is a commonism that after their marriage they have made a vow of continency. And rest assured that Joseph did not regard himself as a martyr. He was no glum, morose individual, drilling away at his daily work and bemoaning the fact that he was poor in the joys of the world? Poor? Why he was the richest man in the world.

Imagine a man being told, and told by an angel of God, that the girl whom he had chosen to marry was the most blessed of all women that had ever been created, that she had been the object of a tremendous miracle, and that she would bring forth the Messiah; the Savior of the World! Joseph was no ordinary man even then; if he had been ordinary, he would not have been picked out from all men for the work he was predestined to do. He was a saint even then. He had the high aspirations of the sainted ones of Israel. He longed for the coming of the redemption of Israel, though it had never entered his humble soul to believe that he was going to have any actual part in the tremendous thing. And now to his amazement here he was in the midst of things, his wife already bearing in her virginal womb the Savior, and he, a poor workman, her guardian and the guardian of her Child.

**J**OSEPH has been called a silent man. No wonder. If the worshipper before the Tabernacle is constrained to be lost in still adoration before the Great Mystery, what of him who was suddenly summoned to stand as protector before the very Gate of Heaven? I can see the light in Joseph's eyes, the contented, seraphic smile, as he pushed his plane and drove his hammer. I have seen the nun going to make her vows of virginal service to God, and I know how surprised she would be if anyone talked to her about the sacrifice she was making, or even hinted that there could be a bit of self-pity in the case. Pity for what? Pity for finding God? What if she does know that life is going to be kind of hard, and that she is going to gather very few earthly roses? No matter. She has God. Let others have the loves of men, if they want them. She believes herself richer than they. If there is anything to the idea of Heaven, we have to admit that supreme happiness can be had of the soul. Somehow bodies are not necessary. And to pity Joseph because he put off his body even in life, is to remain down in the mud.

He would never have any children of his own? Well, what of that, when he would be honored in calling as his son the very Son of God? Pity Joseph and his sacrifices? I am sure he wanted no man's pity. He had got the pearl of great price very cheap. He never even thought of what he was sacrificing. Joseph paid the price willingly, gladly. And then he discovered that because he had been faithful to God, a just man, he was to be for years the companion of the Mother of God, and, more, the companion, the teacher even, of God. What more could the world give? What more could Heaven itself give?

**I** LIKE to picture Joseph, not as a lugubrious, disappointed man, relegated to the background where the naturalistic students have placed him, but in the very forefront of God's joy, holding a place which Archangel Gabriel would have rejoiced in filling, knowing that, if Mary was blessed among women, he was truly blessed among men. Poor Joseph! I wonder if Jesus thought of him when he pronounced that Beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven"? Poor Joseph? Indeed, he was the richest man that ever lived, member of the great Heavenly firm of Mary, Joseph and God!

I know a little house  
Washed by the rain,  
A little, poor, humble house  
In a green lane.

Nobody comes or goes,  
Vacant it seems,  
Sleeping the long years through  
A house of dreams.

But I have fancied there,  
Behind its door,  
Soft footsteps falling there  
Upon its floor.

In that dear little house  
I fancy Three  
Dwelling there through the years,  
God's Family.

Jesus and Mary blest,  
Dear Joseph, too,  
Fancy that this wee house  
I built for you.

My little white dream-house  
Of Nazareth,  
Where your sweet prayers uplift  
Their censuring breath.

Come and possess this home!  
Happy I'll be,  
Knowing my heart has housed  
God's Family.

## VI. A Married Man

**D**ID Joseph accompany Mary on her visit to her cousin St. Elizabeth? We know nothing certain about it. It is the common belief, resting on an old tradition, that he did. It is not very likely that he would have permitted Mary to make that journey of forty miles without his protection. Some try to solve the problem by maintaining that he accompanied Mary to the house of Zachary, then went home, and came again after the birth of the Baptist to bring her home. They maintain that surely Joseph did not hear the BENEDICTUS or the MAGNIFICAT, or otherwise he would have known all about the Incarnation without the message from the angel. On the other hand, many Doctors think that he did know about the mystery of the Incarnation before the angelic message to him, and that he was at the Visitation, heard Elizabeth's salutation, and, knowing the Scriptures and the prophecies, knew all that the MAGNIFICAT and the BENEDICTUS implied.

However you may interpret it, it seems quite sure that it was immediately after Mary's return from visiting her cousin Elizabeth that Joseph became aware of her condition, that she was about to become a mother. Hence, if you will, the crashing of his hopes, his suspicions, and his determination to put her away privately. It was a foretaste of Heaven, indeed, as it was a visit from Heaven, when the angel came in his dreams to tell him that the woman he loved so dearly had been singled out from among all women to be a mighty influence in the great act of Redemption. Joseph had been honest with himself all through the dreadful ordeal. But how

he must have reproached himself in his humility when the truth was made known to him. That he had acted in good faith is evident from the fact that there is not a word of reproach in the message of the angel. Or how otherwise could he be called a just man? But what a sunburst, as the cloud was lifted! And not only was there the happiness of the relief that she whom he loved was a sinless maiden, but the overpowering joy that the redemption of Israel was at hand.

**S**o with alacrity and, it can be well believed, with wonderful humility, he went through the nuptial ceremonies with Mary and took her into his humble house as his wife. How long the betrothal had lasted is a disputed point. Generally the betrothal lasted a year and was quite as definite as the marriage itself. In fact, often the two ceremonies were confused and the marriage was but the anniversary of the betrothal. So final was the betrothal that the unfaithful woman was stoned to death. The ceremony of marriage consisted chiefly in bringing the wife home to the husband's house. There was also the ceremony, similar to that of our own day, wherein a ring was used, with the declaration of the husband, "This ring testifies that you belong to me according to the Law of Moses." That nuptial ring is venerated as a relic at Perugia, Italy.

Joseph was now a married man and, being a saint, he knew what extraordinary responsibilities were his. First of all, there was the responsibility toward Mary. We are apt to think of Joseph as a cold individual chosen merely to give to her his protecting name, and not as a lover with a heart to be thrilled. But so to picture him is to do an injustice to his true manhood. The more perfect the man, the bigger his heart. Joseph had loved Mary first of all for herself alone. Even before he had guessed the prodigies which God had worked in her, he had loved her. He knew her sweetness and her gentleness, her beauty and her grace, and he idolized her, even while he respected her as something intangible, something above the desires of any man. There can be love without passion, and the love of the virginal for the virginal can be beyond all telling. Just to behold her was reward enough, and the reward was all the greater with the knowledge that she in return loved him.

That was the human side of his love, and Joseph was too humble to ask for anything else. But when the light of Heaven shone into his eyes, when he saw that Mary was not only his spouse but the very spouse of the Holy Ghost, his human love was glorified. He knew then that he was co-worker with God, knew that he was the vice-gerent of the Holy Ghost to guard her, and, humanly speaking, to ward off any evil that might prevent the fulfillment of the designs of God in her regard. He was the keeper of the Gate of Heaven. There was no mock humility about Joseph. Hence the reason given by some commentators as to why he wished to put Mary away does not ring true. They declare that he had such reverence for her who was to be the Mother of God that he did not think himself worthy to be in her presence. Worthy, he did not think himself, of course. But as soon as he received the assurance of the angel that Mary was faithful to him, one does not find any mock humility about him. He was chosen by God to be the husband of this blessed woman. He accepted the obligation, he gloried in the honor, but at the same time he knew that in the nature of things he was accepting Mary, not Mary, him.

In the nature of things the husband is head of the

family, and God did not change the order even though the family was the Holy Family. Read St. Paul to the Ephesians (V:22-23): "Let women be subject to their husbands as to the Lord. Because the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the Church. He is the savior of his body. Therefore as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let the wives be to their husbands in all things. Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it. That he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourisheth it and cherisheth it as also Christ doth the Church: because we are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife and they shall be two in one flesh. This is a great sacrament; but I speak in Christ and in the Church. Nevertheless let every one of you in particular love his wife as himself; and let the wife fear her husband."

To me these words of St. Paul somehow take on a new meaning when I apply them to Joseph. "The husband is the head of the wife," Joseph is the head of Mary. All the dignity that was his, all the glory was his because he was married to Mary. St. Thomas gives it as a principle that, "the greatest reverence is

due to a man from the relationship which he has to God." Now what is the relationship between the Holy Trinity and St. Joseph? It is his marriage to Mary. That is the very heart of the theology of St. Joseph. His unique role is the reason, the source of his sublime sanctity. Mary was subject to Joseph because she was married to him. It shows after all how common sense is the devotion to St. Joseph. Mary began it. She was subject to him; she consulted him; she did his will. He was her head. And we have no reason to believe that she does not still regard him as her head, for he is still her spouse. And so I think it no irreverence, after I have prayed to St. Joseph for a favor, to beg our Lady to consult with him, and to say to her, "Let women be subject to their husbands."

Joseph built a house for God,  
Such a house that Jesus got!  
Tall it neither was nor broad,  
Just a lowly little cot.

Lo, his heart he took for floor,  
Brawny arms for beam and wall,  
While his sweet face bending o'er  
Was the roof that sheltered all.

Such a palace, poor and bare,  
For the mighty God to reign!  
But the Christ Child dwelling there  
Thought He was in Heaven again.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Other chapters in this serial will appear in the January issue.*

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD 10% OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE.

**A CATHOLIC HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS;** Being an Adaptation of the SYNOPSIS EVANGELICA of Père M. J. Lagrange, O. P. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.25.

This is a work of the highest value to the student of Holy Scriptures who would seek in the Gospels themselves for evidence regarding the questions of origins and authorship that have so exercised the critics especially of recent years. To one not trained in these studies, the mere comparison of texts is fascinating in itself, showing, as it does, the extraordinary agreement in essentials, the divergence in detail, which affords, both in agreement and divergence, one of the most conclusive testimonies of their truth. For one who has gone, or who wishes to go, more deeply into the question, there is a valuable guide in the form of an introduction and notes by the Rev. John M. T. Barton, D.D., Lic. S. Script., Professor of Holy Scripture at St. Edmond's College, Ware, England; and a preface by His Grace, the Archbishop of Liverpool.

**CHRIST'S OWN CHURCH.** By Martin J. Scott, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$1.50, paper 50 cents.

To the humble reviewer as he cons over the vast and ever growing flood of Catholic apologetics which today is pouring forth from numberless springs, it appears that something amounting almost to a miracle is taking place before his eyes. Before the encroachment of this tide even the stony infidelity of materialism is slowly crumbling and one looks forward with confidence to a not greatly distant future when a new Catholic renaissance, a rebirth of living Christian faith, a renewal of all that is meant by Christendom, will shake the earth with the trampling of the new soldiers of the Cross.

Not the least remarkable aspect of these books which pass beneath his scrutiny is their amazing diversity as though God, guiding the hands of their authors, was making certain that there should be a book for every type of reader, a convincing argument for every mind.

It is interesting, and far more than that, for example, to compare the work

of two priests as shown in such a work as **CHRIST'S OWN CHURCH**, by Father Martin J. Scott and the two volumes, **ESSAYS IN SATIRE** and **CALIBAN IN GRUB STREET**, by Father Ronald A. Knox.

The latter, light in manner, though cogent in matter, is for the man inclined to the charms of literature, who may be supposed to be swayed by originality of viewpoint and pithiness of utterance, by the dexterous thrust of rapier intellect; the former for the plain man who is ready to bow acceptance to plain reason simply posted. Father Scott is well known to a host of readers of his many books and in this latest volume he employs his familiar method which might almost be described as that of "rubbing it in."

Father Scott repeats, but it is not himself whom he repeats. In practically every chapter, in this and that and every application, he repeats the words of our Lord with an effect which comes before the end to resemble the blows of a hammer. His purpose, as the title of the book suggests, is to adduce irrefutable proof that the Catholic Church is Christ's own Church and it is to the



acid test of Christ's own words that he subjects every proposition that he has to offer.

**WHAT CIVILIZATION OWES TO ITALY.** By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. The Stratford Company, Boston. \$3.00.

This book is another of the long series from the pen of Dr. Walsh in which he has sung so eloquently the praises of Catholic culture. His theme here is one almost of prophesy. Italy, which has before come to the rescue of humanity in periods when a materialistic bias has deadened art and cast a pall over the life of the spirit and, with a new impulse, aesthetic and spiritual, weaned men back from their preoccupation with baser things, may now, once more, perform this sublime office for the world.

"The recent treaty between the Pope and the King of Italy," Dr. Walsh tells us, "has produced a state of affairs in Italy that may mean very much for the opening up of a great new period of Italian development, a real *rinascimento*." Freed from the old factional quarrels and a sense of conflict between their religious and political loyalties by the knowledge that these are once more in accord, this potent race, which more than any other possesses the power to produce great art, may again devote its full genius to this, its God-given office.

Dr. Walsh has an extraordinary gift of bringing before our eyes the beauties of art, the wonders of learning, the inspiration of great deeds and in the fourteen chapters of this work, each devoted to some one aspect of Italian achievement, as painting, music, philosophy, etc., he again does yeoman service in the supremely important work of transferring to, and making familiar in, our day, our heritage of Catholic culture from the past.

**YESTERDAYS OF AN ARTIST-MONK.** By Dom Willibrord Verkade, O.S.B. Translated by John L. Stoddard. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$2.00.

All roads lead to Rome and surely today one of the most travelled thoroughfares is that of the appreciation of art and beauty. That, at any rate, was the road taken by Dom Willibrord Verkade the story of whose conversion he has himself told with a straight-forward simplicity that is wholly admirable. There is a certain fastidiousness of soul that cannot brook the ugly in whatever guise it may appear, material or spiritual. This saving grace was strong in Dom Verkade from earliest childhood and it secured him from the evils of an environment that might have over-

whelmed most men.

Born in the vicinity of Amsterdam, he was reared in the belief of the Menonites, but in youth drifted from the doctrines of his church. His great gifts as an artist led him away from the mercantile life planned for him but his father, who seems to have been unusually just and tolerant, placed no obstacles in the path he had chosen for himself. He studied art and in due course went to Paris and under the guidance of Gangin joined himself with the "Symbolist" movement which then was creating a stir in the world of art. Of the friends that he made at that time, many are names that are known to us but the two artists, Serusier and Ballin, were those who had the most influence upon him. With Ballin especially was his life linked up and when later, in "Holy Brittany," Verkade entered the Church, Ballin was already on the same path. It was to God in the aspect of absolute perfection and supreme beauty that Verkade's heart was drawn and his description of his long mental struggles and final yielding to this ideal makes thrilling reading.

To a man like Verkade this surrender was almost inevitably of the absolute kind that is not satisfied with mere acceptance. He must be about his Father's business and his spirit finally led him to enter the Benedictine Abbey at Beuron. The monks of Beuron are especially devoted to art; they have, indeed, created a school of their own, a school to the principles of which their new member could subscribe; but Dom Verkade's story ends abruptly with his acceptance by the brotherhood as, of course, it must have done—he had gone home.

**SPANISH LOVER.** By Frank H. Spearman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.00.

In this his most recent book Mr. Spearman turns his hand to the writing of an historical novel. The story concerns itself with the conquests—in love and war—of Don John of Austria, a hitherto little known and almost entirely unsung hero. He is a subject, however, who lends himself most readily. The handsome face, fiery temperament, and dashing figure of this nameless prince live and move again in the pages of this romance.

Don John loved twice. First, the pretty Carmen, Princess of Arcos, who was carried off by the Black Plague. Then, the passionate and beautiful Miriam, daughter of Ali Pasha, the Turkish admiral whom Don John defeated at Lepanto. With the aid of Mr. Spearman's colorful prose and vigorous style, the reader finds himself transported back to those glamorous middle sixteenth century days of galleys, clanking armor, longbows, and doublet and hose. The vivid description of the bloody bat-

tle of Lepanto is perfect. It is all quite as if some gorgeous tapestry had quickened into life and enacted its story before our gaze.

**WHY WE HONOR ST. JOSEPH.** By Rev. Albert Power, S.J., M.A. Frederick Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati. \$1.25.

Father Power in this little volume pays his tribute to the Patron of the Universal Church. While written as apologia for our devotion to St. Joseph, it is really more a series of contemplations than anything else and should prove of value especially to young people. The author has taken as headings for his chapters the phrases of St. Joseph's Litany with the magnificent poetry with which familiarity has made us unfamiliar. Father Power will have done a service if only, through the emphasis of separation, he can startle us to new attention to this glorious sequence. Such phrases as "Splendor of Patriarchs," "Zealous Defender of Christ," "Lover of Poverty," "Guardian of Virgins," "Terror of Demons," are startling enough as addressed to a man like ourselves. Here is free verse if you will.

**THE FRANCISCANS.** By Father James, O.S.F.C. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$0.90.

On the making of many books about St. Francis there is no end and that is as it should be; we can scarcely have too many of them. The present volume is a little masterpiece of appreciation of St. Francis and the peculiar vitality of the influence that he had upon his own age and upon all the ages that have followed. In his opening chapter Father James points out the danger that lurks in the universal popularity of the Saint—the danger, namely, of each of us creating a Francis to his own liking. To give a true picture of the Saint, then, is the object of this volume and this is done by taking up one by one the various aspects in which the simple core of absolute love and devotion was manifest in his own rich personality and later in the character of the Order that he left behind.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book, in view of modern skepticism, is that in which St. Francis is pictured as the wholly faithful son of Holy Mother Church and certainly the contemporary affectation which insists on regarding him as a rebel to Papal authority is sufficiently confounded out of the mouth of Francis himself.

The Life of St. Francis by Paul Sabatier, written in the tradition of Renau, was based upon this error, yet it was an error that the scholarly Sabatier himself acknowledged later.

Should there be any lingering doubt

as to the truth of this matter, the final words of St. Francis, Rule must dispel it:

"Finally, I command the Ministers by obedience that they petition our Lord the Pope for one of the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church to be governor, protector, and corrector of this fraternity, so that being always subject and submissive at the feet of the same Holy Roman Church, and steadfast in the Catholic faith, we may observe poverty and humility and the holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, as we have faithfully promised."

Father James has given us a most informing work and one that is doubly effective because of his delightful style and his poetic appreciation of his subject. The volume is one of the Many Mansions Series.

**ADVENTURES OF A MAN OF QUALITY.** By Abbé Provost. Translated with and Introduction by Mysie E. I. Robertson. The Dial Press, New York. \$4.00.

A new translation of the Abbé Provost's *ADVENTURES OF A MAN OF QUALITY* for the "Bourbon Classics" recalls for English-speaking readers a curious chapter in a period of English history when issues of national importance were almost wholly obscured by the personal ambitions of the wealthy aristocrats and life had reached an almost incredible artificiality. All this is viewed through the eyes of a sprightly—a too sprightly—Frenchman who had come to the country to escape arrest as a fugitive monk.

The adventures of the hero took him pretty well over the entire Continent and were indeed of a most romantic character, but it is only that part of the original work that deals with his exploits in England that are given in detail here. The rest of them are compressed in a Prologue and Epilogue, for which one is regretful, though indeed, the whole would have made a bulky volume, but even the English chapters are full of entertainment for the curious.

The Abbé's history is not accurate. He takes many liberties, perhaps unconsciously, with facts but this does not prevent the picture that he draws from being exceedingly good reading or even, in the main, true. The author's object was to present England and the English to his compatriots in a true light and, if we accept the judgment of the learned and accomplished translator, did not a little to break down the suspicion and jealousy with which Frenchmen and Englishmen had viewed one another. The story is engagingly told but it is about a corrupt Society as viewed by corrupt eyes and one cannot avoid a feeling of disgust, however much the author may assume the atti-

tude of champion of virtue. There were great men in those days, but they appear almost unrelievedly wicked and the bright but sordid mantle of illicit love is used to cloak the yet more sordid lineaments of greed.

For many modern readers the introduction with its account of the Abbé Provost will prove quite as interesting as the story itself. It is out of the question to admire the man who, though he had in abundance all the natural virtues, seems woefully lacking in those of the spirit. That he made several attempts to enter the Religious Life—

**RICHARD HENRY TIERNEY,** Priest of the Society of Jesus. By Francis X. Talbot, S.J. The America Press, New York. \$1.50.

This very interesting biography of Father Richard Henry Tierney, S.J., by a fellow member of his Society might well bear the sub-title "The Story of an Enlightened Mind." Father Tierney was above all things enlightened and his work in various fields, as priest, as teacher of young men, as editor of America during troublous years, was a constant spreading of enlightenment to others, the enlightenment of Catholic truth and culture so sorely needed in this modern world. This candle was never hid under a bushel.

The spiritual development of a man always makes good reading and the author here has done ample justice to his theme. From his earliest years, when, as the son of good Catholic parents, he knew an environment peculiarly fitted to foster his native piety, through the years of schooling and the long preliminary training necessary to his reception into the Society of Jesus, Father Tierney's development was peculiarly consistent and uninterrupted. He was one of those whose call to the Religious State seems the inevitable outcome of all the factors of his life. He was predestined to the service of God in the priesthood in a way obvious to our limited minds; once a priest and a Jesuit, he continued his development normally but swiftly until he reached a position of influence in the realm of thought that has unquestionably affected the entire body of his fellow citizens.

The story of his initial training is particularly appealing to me, but one imagines that the chapters dealing with his work as editor in which he showed so clearly to a doubting generation that a man's duty to his Church and to his country were not only compatible but complementary, will chiefly interest the majority of readers. It was certainly a great work that he did and the downright, uncompromising way in which he did it made him enemies, but they were generally enemies of whom a man might be proud.

Father Tierney's value to, and influence upon, the Community are not yet as widely recognized as they should be but this biography should spur on the tardy recognition and help to do justice to one whose services to Church and country were both timely and telling. The very titles of the chapters show the wide range of his interests and sympathies.

**BLACK SOIL.** By Margaret Donovan. The Stratford Company, Boston, Mass. \$2.50.

This is a novel of unusual quality. It is written in the manner of the new realistic school which has captured the imagination of modern America, the school which, with an almost primitive simplicity of narration, tells a plain tale of events yet contrives to plumb the secret depths of feeling in the souls of its characters. The author has mastered the technique of an art difficult in spite of its apparent simplicity, difficult because of its simplicity; but, better than that, she has employed her skill to tell a story wholesome, sound and invigorating, and without that taint of decadence which marks the work of so many of her contemporaries. This first novel places her at once among that group of modern Catholics who are, with God's blessing, retrieving American literature from the dry-rot of sophisticated pessimism.

Northwestern Iowa is the scene of Black Soil and it is a cheerless scene as it opens up before us in the first chapter. "Direction? . . . There was no direction. The Prairie stretched to the end of the world." So the story begins and it becomes the business of this Irish-American family which had come to this wilderness as settlers to give direction not only to barren prairie but to the lives of many who follow them.

Tim Connor, the father of the family, is a lovable character if irresponsible, and it is upon Nell Connor, his wife, that the obligation rests of bringing up the children in civilized ways, of holding the family, and eventually the community, together and providing it with an inspiration to walk in decent paths until the coming of the railroad and a contact with the world. Nell is a splendid figure and though the fancy is caught by the strange love story of Sheila, the adopted daughter, the heart always goes back to Nell for comfort and strength.

The author is to be congratulated for giving us an enthralling tale and yet more for giving us an example of how the Catholic mind can take all forms of art and bend them to its service in shapes of innocence and beauty.

# THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



## Sick Calls: An Invasion

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

A MISSIONARY's life and environments are not, ordinarily, conducive to anything like literary composition. Moreover, time is often very pressing and writing articles or letters is by no means an easy task. It has been some time since THE SIGN readers have heard from me. Even now I cannot write a formal article; so I must ask you to be indulgent with the following items.

Had a sick call yesterday, forty-five li (15 miles) from here. We started about three o'clock in the afternoon. The heat was terrific. A blazing sun, and not a bit of shade! I had sent my mule to another mission, for the priest there was in need of it temporarily, and I had not foreseen the sick call. So instead of riding the mule I had to content myself with a small pony.

One of our schoolboys, a relative of the person who was dying, went along with me. After walking about six or seven miles the boy got very sick. He sat down by the roadside and no amount of persuasion could make him take another step. It would not do to leave him there, two or three miles from the nearest house and night coming on. The only solution of the problem was to let him ride the pony. The first part of the journey was over a fairly level path. The last eight or ten miles are practically a series of mountains. While the boy rode I had to tackle the mountains on foot. We reached our destination about 9 P. M. After ministering to the sick person and after a bite to eat we retired. But since it was necessary that I should be back at

the mission early in the morning, we rose at midnight and started on our homeward trip. A man carrying a lantern led the way and I followed on the pony. It took us seven hours to cover fifteen miles. At times I got so sleepy that, lest I fall off the horse, I had to get down and walk a mile or two to wake me up.



It is such wholesome and loyal converts as these that rejoice the missionary's heart.

POOR Pento died today. Pento (the Chinese name for Benedict) is a boy of thirteen, and had been in the mission for a number of years. He was a very good lad, bright and obedient—altogether a pleasant character.

About three months ago he got sick. For years he suffered from heart trouble. At times the poor lad suffered intensely. His suffering was intensified, though unwittingly, by the boy's grandmother (his mother died some years ago) who was called in to take care of him. It was pitiful to see her mistaken notions about how to nurse the boy. If Pento complained that he was too hot (due to high fever) grandmother would carry him outside where it would be cooler. If he did not like the taste of the medicine given him, grandma decided the medicine was no good and Pento did not have to take it. No matter what the boy asked for, whether good for him or not, she would give him. Grandma's rule of nursing was that anything Pento liked would do him good, anything he did not like was harmful.

About two week's before Pento's death his father and grandmother began to realize the hopelessness of the case. They then decided to take him to their ancestral home at once. No words of mine could persuade them to spare the lad the suffering of such a journey. For six hours he was bounced up and down in a chair to which two long poles were attached and which was carried by two men. No wonder Pento arrived home more dead than alive. Before leaving the mission he received Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum. From that day





A scene quite common in the Passionist mission district.

on, each morning after Mass, all the schoolboys and others in the mission recited special prayers for him. The priest was with him a day or two before he died. It was the sick call described above.

**W**E have had no rain for many days. The rice fields are dry, the crops look bad, the people are worried. Superstitious practices are in full swing. Drums are being beaten day and night to wake the god of rain and thunder into action. The local gods are being carried in procession through the streets. Along the river bank and at various springs, imitation money running into fake millions, firecrackers and joss-sticks are being burned to placate the god of waters. Rain is badly needed. Even if it comes soon, some crops are already ruined. The price of rice will be high and the poor will suffer.

Last Saturday night about a dozen leading citizens called at the mission. They came to petition the priests to join them in praying for rain. They, of course, did not expect us to worship their various gods. They asked us to pray to our God (the God of the Catholic Church, as some mistakingly think) Who is called the Lord of the Heavens. Father Paul, who together with Father Michael Anthony had just arrived here that day, invited them all to come to Mass in the morning and join us in worshipping the one and true God. They all came. We had a High Mass (a rare occurrence here) and Father Paul preached a very eloquent sermon. No doubt the visitors were impressed. God grant that much good may follow from it. That day we started a Novena for rain and daily said Mass for that intention. Every

evening the Christians gathered in the Church to recite the rosary. Five days later rain fell. In joy and thanksgiving we lustily rang the church bells.

**A**BOUT ten days ago I was transferred from Yungshun to Paot-sing. I was placed in temporary charge of this mission during the absence of the regular pastor. Some time ago this city was threatened by an invasion. The threatened invasion is now certain to take place. Last night I found it necessary to send a letter of information to the nearest missionary who lives about eight hours travel from here. This is a copy of the letter:

"Rev. and Dear Father Paul:

"The importance of this letter is, I feel, sufficient to warrant me sending it to you by special carrier instead of by mail.

"Paotsing is certain to be invaded by troops (about four or five thousand strong) from Szechuan. These troops, now about fifty miles from here, are expected to arrive tomorrow. The wives of the officers have already arrived. The troops are made up of former Communists and bandits, though they now belong to the regular National Army.

"The local soldiers are preparing to leave at once. The mandarin and the home guard have already fled. The merchants are hiding or sending away their money and their goods.

"It is unknown whether the intentions of the invading troops are friendly or not. Neither is it known whether they intend merely to pass through the city, to remain for a while, or to stay here permanently. Some reports have it that they have

orders from the President to join the troops engaged in the Civil War.

"Just before sending this letter I discussed the situation with the catechists of the mission. We view the situation as dangerous, whether the priest remains or leaves. The invading troops may kill, burn and pillage. On the other hand, should they behave as regular troops there would be no need to be alarmed. But even then to clear out the mission and have priests leave it, would be a plain invitation to the soldiers to settle down in the mission property. After consideration we thought it best that the missionary remain until the troops have actually arrived and their behavior observed. Then, if it become necessary, I shall try to get away.

"All arrangements for the safety of the women and girls in the mission have been made. The orphans will have to go to homes of relatives. I have tried to get a boat and hold it in readiness should we be forced to leave suddenly. But most of the boatmen, fearing that their boats will be commandeered by the invading army, have left. The boats that remain are already contracted for and occupied.

"The Sacred Vessels I shall hide during the night. The place for them is prepared.

"The Christians are offering special prayers that the Lord may keep us from all harm. I earnestly recommend the mission and myself to your prayers and those of your Christians.

"With every good wish to your reverence and Father Michael, I am,

"Devotedly yours,

"FR. NICHOLAS, C.P."

**S**UCH is China. It is now past 2 o'clock in the afternoon and no troops have as yet arrived. The people are not fleeing, as was expected. Latest rumors, contradicting former ones, now hold that the troops mean to do no harm here other than that the people must feed them for three or four days and give them \$2,000. Who knows what will happen? One can never foretell in China. When the invaders arrive I'll know more about them. If all goes well I shall have more to tell about in my next article for THE SIGN. Till then and always, pray for me and for all our missionaries in this sorely tried country.

## Wanted: Peace in China

By RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P.

**A**LL the world knows that China is having Civil War. What it is all about I dare say not one in ten thousand could give you an intelligent reason. To read the accounts in the American newspapers, is only to add confusion to disorder and to end by giving up the subject as an unsolvable Chinese puzzle. Nor is this to be wondered at, since it would take more than an ordinarily educated Chinaman to tell you what it is all about. Here in Hunan, the very heart of China, I venture to say not half the people know that a war is on, who is right and who wrong in the conflict, who is winning and who is losing. They do not know and, I might say, care less.

It is not my intention to try to explain to THE SIGN readers all about this Chinese Civil War (if war can be called civil) chiefly because, beyond the names of the opposing armies, the territory where they are located, and the *supposed* reason for the fight, I know very few details. You in America get the main items of Chinese War news much quicker than I, living as I do in centre of the country. Here in Paotsing I hear the news just two or three weeks after it happened—the time it takes the nearest newspaper to reach me. Every spring, apparently, brings a renewal of "civil" war in China. It is the great outdoor sport in this Flowery Kingdom.

Nearer to my own mission is something more vital and pressing. It has filled the minds of the local people with great fear and anxious concern. Yungsui and Paotsing districts are threatened with an invasion of over 10,000 Szechuen soldiers. Paotsing and Yungsui (one of my stations) are on the border line of the provinces of Kweichow and Szechuen. It is a sort of back door through which the defeated armies of these provinces generally retreat. And retreating soldiers generally take out their spite on those through whose territory they go.

For the past month at Li-yeah (a Paotsing village and at Tsadung (a village of Yungsui separated from Szechuen by a small river) this large retreating army under a Kweichow General, Shier Pin, and under the Szechuenese General, Lo Chi-Chiang,

have concentrated their large army. More than half their soldiers are bandits who are ready to march into the Yungsui and Paotsing districts. Unlike other invaders these soldiers do not intend to march on, but to squat here, taking over the territory, taxes, etc. To have this horde march through here would be bad enough as I know from several past experiences, but the thought of having them become our masters is horrible. These Szechuenese and Kweichowites would have no pity for the poor Hunanese under them.

The General of this district, Ghen Yu-Mo, would have a very difficult time to rout these invaders, first because of their number, and secondly because if he withdrew all his soldiers from other cities the bandits would make capital of the occasion. Thus he saw no way but by strategy at which he is a master. He rushed two thousand soldiers to Tsa-dung and Li-yeah, the two points of attack, to keep the invaders from free entrance. Then he issued orders to Paotsing and Yungsui. He told the people he could not promise them protection: "Therefore, fly to the country and mountains, take all your valuables with you, what rice and food you cannot take with you must be destroyed. Above all, before you leave destroy your stove *ko-ts*." (It must be explained that the *ko-ts* is the iron top of a Chinese stove in which all cooking is done. These are not procurable locally, but at quite a distance in another district.) Though

these are hard orders, and a Chinaman would as soon cut off his queue as destroy his *ko-ts* yet it can easily be seen that an army arriving hungry and with little or no rice and no stoves for the cooking, would of necessity be hard put to and would either have to move on or, if attacked, with be an easy prey to a small army.

**I**N Paotsing a public meeting was called by the mandarin to decide what action be taken locally to defeat the enemy. In the Paotsing district there are sixteen towns called *Shang*. Every one of these towns had to raise \$400 to defray the cost of food of the soldiers defending the borders. Also every *Shang* had to send 40 or 60 able-bodied men (according to their population) to do guard duty along the lines of attack. A request was sent to Yungshun, our next district neighbor, for men and money. The request was readily complied with for once Paotsing was occupied Yungshun would be the next to suffer. Soon the streets were noticeably empty of men—only old women were seen going about. The merchants had taken their goods on boats to Shenchow and other safe quarters. The money exchange went up two hundred cash on the dollar, for silver could be more easily hidden or transported than the forty-six large coppers that make up a dollar. The price of rice went up two thousand cash a measure the first week, only to drop that much and more the second week. Apparently it would have been a bargain for the mission to get in a supply of rice at this low price, but, knowing



Three Mothers of Yungshun with Their Bables.



Where West (the telegraph pole) and East (characteristic Chinese idols) meet.

the danger this would cause, it would ultimately be anything but a bargain. The country people were afraid to come into the city of Paotsing so that our vegetables became scarce and quite costly. The officials, seeing the invasion was inevitable, went from house to house to see that no one had more than a few days' supply of rice on hand.

To appreciate the missionary's anxiety of mind in such a grave crisis, it would be necessary to experience it, knowing all the facts, the possibilities of danger and harm to the mission, and the probability of many of the serious rumors that from day to day caused us to alter plans of protection.

**K**NOWING the invaders were half bandit and more than three-quarters Communist, I could easily see the dangers and difficulties in store for the mission, especially since the people of the place tried to prevent the invasion and made things as disagreeable as possible. In the mission I had a large number of orphan boys and girls. How was I to dispose of them? I could not send them to any of my out-stations, for each of these was in the line of march of the invaders. Then I reasoned that, if the orphans were sent elsewhere, the large mission would be an enticement for the army to enter and make the place a barracks. Where was I to

hide the sacred vessels and other articles of value, especially mission registers, etc.? Surely all the mission supplies could not be put in a box or suit-case. What to take and what to leave? Where and where not to hide articles? Think, dear reader, where would you put your things in a hurry if you knew an army of bandits only 30 miles off was coming your way. You cannot escape them and they are used to pulling up floors, and bricks from walls where articles might be hid. I went carefully over the whole mission house, church and school, inside and outside, seeking unusual places to hide things. I'll

let you in on one of the secret places. At the entrance of the mission, over a hundred feet from the house, there is a large stone. This was removed and there was hid some valuables. Every one entering the mission passed that stone. No one, I thought, would stop there to seek for valuables that the ordinary Chinese would hide in the house.

**T**HE measure I took for the prevention of mission inmates falling into the hands of the invaders was to hire a boat, have it supplied with rice, and moored at a mile's distance below the city. When the invaders reached Yungsui 15 miles from here, I would know by the reports from that place just how to act. The only ones who seem to profit by the threatening invasion are the boatmen. In ordinary times a boat from Paotsing to Shenchow would cost \$20 but in this trouble they were demanding and getting from \$120 to \$140. Thus it will be readily seen that our threatened invasion has affected us more than the Civil War in China. Our only hope is in God. We have put our confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and know that trust will be rewarded by peace and protection. May I ask THE SIGN readers to join us in prayer for peace in China, that the work for the salvation of souls be not hindered or delayed.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

May we remind the reader of this page that, while times are hard at home, they are much harder in China. Many of our good benefactors cannot help the missionaries at present. We pray that those with means will come to the aid of our missions in China.





## The Golden Legend in China

By DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

**T**HE Roman Martyrology when announcing the feast day of Saint Julian of Alexandria departs from its usual brevity and says of him that he was afflicted with gout. When the pagan judge summoned him and his two servants to be questioned, Julian had to be carried in a chair. One of the servants denied the Faith, while the other one persevered to the end. Both Julian and the faithful servant were put on camels and paraded around the city, then cruelly beaten with whips and finally thrown into the fire and burned alive before the populace. It is a striking application of the words of our Lord. "Two men carry a basket, one is taken; one is allowed to go free. Two women tread the mill together; one will be eternally happy; the other eternally unhappy."

Such is the story of the apostate Nieh and his brother Paul, called *Tchong-sin*, which means Faithful Heart. Paul Nieh was 74 years old, his brother John 72. When the Boxers were about to come, both old men hid in the fields. They were broken with age and suffered eight days from exposure and other privations. Were

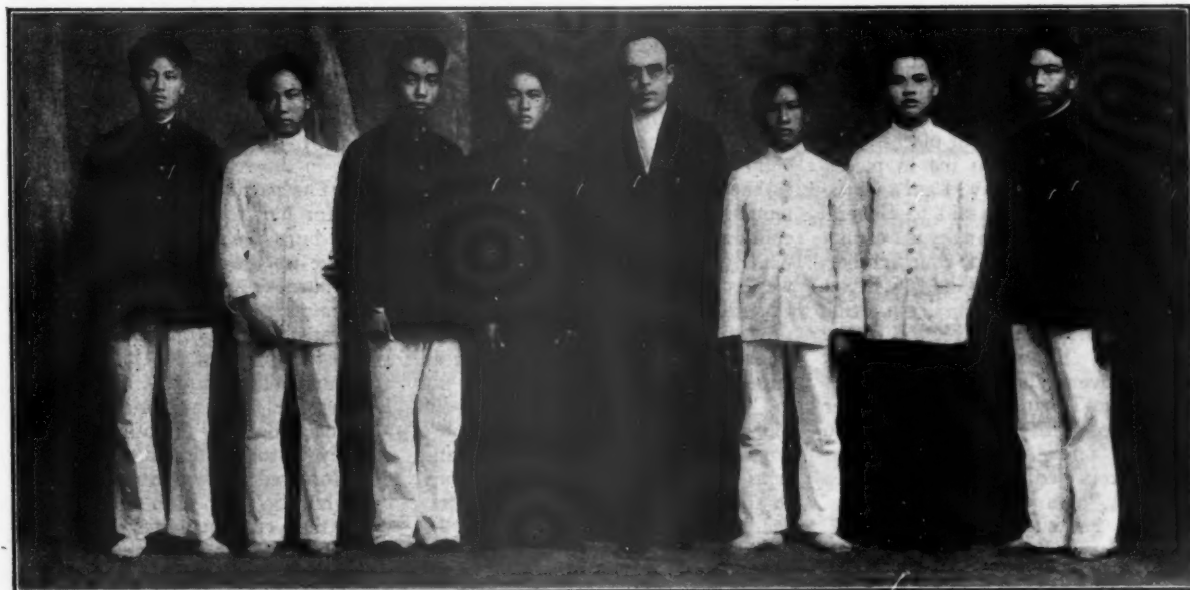
it not for kind friends who daily, in the evening, brought them food they would have starved to death. Finally the Boxers found out their hiding place and brought them to the village. A deputation of the village people begged the Boxers to let them go. The Boxers were willing if the men apostatized. "Say you are not Christians and your lives will be spared," cried out the people.

"We are Christians," said Paul with all the pride and courage of a long Christian heritage. But John was not so brave. When the Boxers seized their long knife and gave a hint that they were about to use it on their victims, poor John weakened and apostatized. Then the people and the Boxers turned to Paul and exhorted him to apostatize also. John's deflection from the Faith filled Paul with great sadness. Then a friend of Paul's said to him in a whisper, "Stay a Christian in your heart. Just say you are not one and you will be saved." But Paul answered, "Most certainly I won't." "Then there is no alternative but

death," said his friend. Paul said, "Living, I am a Christian, dying, I am also a Christian." The Boxers were exasperated. After long and intense sufferings Paul was beheaded. John got a certificate from the mandarin proving that he was an apostate.

We read of the Roman Martyr who was tied on a bed of flowers. When the temptress came he bit off his tongue and spat it in her face. The virgin Mong was saved the same way. She had been languishing in prison when a Boxer took a fancy to her because of her beauty. He took her off with him with the intention of selling her for a handsome sum. The virgin knew that she could only preserve her virginity by destroying her beauty. At an opportune moment she seized a stick and gouged out her eyes. The Boxer, furious in being outwitted, drew his knife and, with rage lending more strength to his skill, cut off the virgin's head with one stroke.

**A**NOTHER was so firmly bound that not the least movement was possible. The Boxer was carrying her to the city. On the way he got talk-



These seven boys (Father Arthur Benson in center) are students sent by the Prefecture of Shenchow to the high school in Changsha. They were spending the vacation in the school at Changsha when the Reds took the City. They had to flee for their lives—walking six days to Hengshow where the Bishop lives. Later they returned to Changsha, but as the Church there has suffered terribly, the priests cannot reopen their school. From there the boys went to Hankow where they were cared for by Father Arthur Benson, C.P., and later registered by him in the Catholic College at Wuchang.



The Water Buffalo,  
China's Beast of  
Burden.



The nearest our  
missionaries come  
to getting a piece  
of "beef" is when  
a buffalo dies.

ing with her and wanted to know her name and where she came from. She was deaf to his speech and kept gazing towards heaven. When they had nearly reached the city, he heard her murmur, "Dear Lord, take my life." Then she was seen to bow her head and render her pure spirit to God.

Some of the answers given by the Chinese Martyrs remind one of the Roman Martyrs. A Christian was about to be executed. The Boxers were to cut him in eight pieces. "So be it," he cried, "cut me in pieces. But at each cutting say: I am a Christian." Peter Tchou said to General Tch'enn, "Great man, you cannot deny your father and your mother, neither can I deny my God." A Boxer proposed marriage to a virgin. She said, pointing in the direction of the tabernacle, "I am already espoused to my Lover Who lives there."

At Yao-Tchang a young mother was seized with her two sons, who were 12 and 9 years respectively. The Boxers tied the mother to a tree and said, "You will be worth taking. We can get sixty dollars for you. The boys will be disposed of according to their answers to our questions."

"Are you a Christian," one of them said to the older boy.

The boy looked hurriedly at his mother who said, "Say you are a Christian." The boy said he was a

Christian. Without more ado his head was struck off and rolled down to his mother's feet. Then the Boxer turned to the younger boy and said to him, "And you?"

The child was kneeling with hands joined and looking at his mother. She was sobbing so much that she couldn't talk. One hand was free. She pointed to heaven and the child understood, crying out, "I am a Christian," and bowed his head to receive the death stroke.

At Kitchou the Boxers took a child with his father and his grandfather and marched them off to the temple to sacrifice to the gods. The child was left lying on the ground, while the father and the grandfather were stripped and tied to a post. The Boxers were burning them over a slow fire. The son seemed to be weakening and the father said in an imperious tone, "Son, take care not to lose both your body and your soul." But the Boxers grew more cruel and burned the face, neck and arms of the weak son until in agony he spoke the fatal words, "I apostatize." Then the Boxers asked the child whether he was a Christian or not to which he replied with great courage. "I am a Christian like my grandpa." The grandfather and grandson were straightway beheaded. It can be truthfully said of this young child that he left the way of

his father to enter the way of his fathers.

There were eighteen martyrs of Yang-T'ai. It would take too long to tell about their beautiful deaths. We shall only mention two instances:

When the Boxers came, J. B. Tchao with his entire family hid in the family vault in the cemetery. They lived for days in that gloomy abode suffering hunger and thirst and were continually on the alert lest they be discovered. They saw their village put to the flames, heard the guns of the Boxers and the frightful yells of the villagers. Tchao the while encouraged his children. "Deliverance is coming," he said to his daughters. "Courage! We are all going to heaven." To his sons he said, "My dear sons, be firm. Know how to die." A survivor who witnessed these details said that that very night Tchao called his last son, little Matthew, and, taking the child's head between his hands, said, "Are you a Christian?" "Certainly I am," he answered. "You will be killed." "Good," said the boy without flinching. "That's the way to answer, my son. You will go to heaven."

Joseph Wang-Young-Fou, an amiable and adventuresome youth had left his home to make his fortune in Peking. He found a position in a wholesale fruit store. His activity, intelligence, frank and serviceable ways won everybody. When the Boxer outbreak occurred his friends wanted to save him. They suggested a thousand arguments to make him apostatize. "Let them kill me, they won't make me give up my religion," he said. A troupe of Boxers soon learned that he was hidden in a small house in the rear of the store building. The pagans on the street clamored for him to come out, else they would burn the premises.

"Give up the western devil or we shall burn down your house," they cried almost in unison. Joseph did not want to compromise his friends so he came out of his hiding place and surrendered himself. "You are looking for the Christian? Here I am," he said. "Let the others alone."

They tortured him like the Cosaques tortured Blessed Bobola. They made him lie down on a pile of wood while they cut small pieces of flesh from his body. Then they poured oil into his smarting wounds and set fire to his body. In the midst of his sufferings Joseph called upon the Holy Name of Jesus and yielded up his pure soul—a glorious martyr of God.

# Gemma's League of Prayer

**G**EMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

**THE OBJECT:** To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

**THE METHOD:** No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

**MEMBERSHIP:** The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

**OBLIGATIONS:** It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the



GEMMA GALGANI

## SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

Masses Said	83
Masses Heard	32,054
Holy Communion	21,692
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	55,792
Spiritual Communion	174,696
Benediction Services	26,317
Sacrifices, Sufferings	65,781
Stations of the Cross	13,651
Visits to the Crucifix	35,557
Beads of the Five Wounds	38,102
Offerings of Precious Blood	198,061
Visits to Our Lady	27,140
Rosaries	35,423
Beads of the Seven Dolors	30,106
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,499,206
Hours of Study, Reading	48,421
Hours of Labor	63,319
Acts of Kindness, Charity	45,937
Acts of Zeal	60,438
Prayers, Devotions	230,993
Hours of Silence	35,833
Various Works	103,159
Holy Hours	232

missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

**THE REWARD:** One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

**THE PATRON:** Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

**HEADQUARTERS:** All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

## "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MOTHER ROSE MEAGHER  
SISTER M. ANTHONY HUHN  
SISTER M. De SALES YAGER  
FRANCIS J. FLAHERTY  
MARY McADAM  
BERTHA L. MURRAY  
EARL EDWARD GROVER  
JOSEPHINE BARRETT  
ESTHER M. DUNN  
JOHN J. MAHONEY  
EDWARD HANLON  
MRS. C. SCARANGELLA  
ANNIE KOWEN  
HELEN VERKAMP  
MARIA FOGARTY  
DOUGLAS BOUDREAU  
MRS. J. VINCENT  
NELLIE HEFFERN  
ALICE DONNELLY  
MILDRED ABBOTT  
THEO. L. SKINNER  
MICHAEL FRIZZELL  
MRS. CHARRON  
EDW. A. PURTILL

WM. P. COSTELLO  
MARY DONOGHUE  
MRS. M. A. BRADY  
STEPHEN RUSTIGE  
MARY A. PHELAN  
MARY DELANEY  
ELIAS McQUAID  
CORNELIUS TWOOMEY  
MRS. PETER DUNNE  
PATRICK MORRISROE  
ELIZABETH FABB  
MARY L. MILLIKEN  
PATRICK FORKIN  
MARIE V. GOODE  
MARY HUGHES  
MARIA GERVAISE  
MARY O'KEEFE  
CHRIST. G. BAUER  
MARIE STROER  
KATHLEEN P. O'RAFFERTY  
MRS. B. HIGGINS  
ANNA HENDERSON  
TIMOTHY J. DELANEY  
MICHAEL J. DOLAN  
MRS. M. MORRIS  
JAMES J. KENNEDY  
CATHERINE RILEY  
JOHN SCHMITT  
MARGARET RYAN  
RICHARD HOGAN  
THOMAS McHUGH  
RICHARD V. KUHN

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD  
HONORA HANAHAN  
MARGT MOORE CARTER  
JOHN J. POWERS  
MRS. MILLER  
A. F. De BACKER  
ANNIE E. HALL  
EMMA O. MILLER  
J. J. RODGERS  
JOHN SWETITCH, JR.  
ELIZABETH POLLMANN  
LENA F. KLEBER  
KATE SCHULER  
ELLEN F. DONNELLY  
MICHAEL J. HOY  
THOMAS GRIFFIN  
WILLIAM GISRIEL  
WALTER SCHLICK  
MARGARET COAKLEY  
DENIS MULVIHILL  
THOMAS FLANNERY  
MARY E. JACOBS  
PATRICK KELLY  
W. J. COLLINS  
JOHANNA O'SULLIVAN  
ALICE L. SHEEHAN  
ANNA LUCIANA  
WINIFRED CONDON  
HELEN E. MOORE  
MRS. A. DORNING  
DANIEL D. CANNON  
MARGARET KILLIAN

JOHN ACKERMAN  
THOMAS DOUGHERTY  
TERESA M. DOUGHERTY  
JOHN J. DUNN  
ANNIE M. HOLLAHAN  
MARY R. ZUCCA  
ANASTASIA A. MCCARTHY  
CHARLES SPINDLER  
MARY C. DUFFY  
JAMES H. RUSSELL  
EDW. J. FITZPATRICK  
FLORENCE HARLEY  
AGNES G. PATTERSON  
GERHARD KREIMER  
ANNIE SCANLON  
CORNELIUS W.  
McLAUGHLIN  
PAUL G. PYNE  
JOSEPH L. KILCOYNE  
EDWARD CUFFE  
ANTHONY VERGA  
JOHN W. EVANS  
DANIEL M. NOLAN

**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.



## WHO WILL DIE TONIGHT?

**T**HOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

## LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$ ..... ) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within ..... months after my demise.*

*In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this ..... day of ..... , 19*

*Signed* .....  
*Witness* .....  
*Witness* .....  
*Witness* .....



## Painless Giving



**A** GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,  
 THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.







# For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

**1** **R**EADERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

## MISSION NEEDS

**2** **N**OT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

## STUDENT BURSES

**3** **I**T HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of . . . . . (\$ . . . ) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

## YOUR LAST WILL

**Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:  
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.**

# Where Put Your Money?

Get a Life Income  
Help Christ's Cause

You can't take it with you!



Will you hoard or spend it!  
Give it away or make a Will!

# 6 to 9%

## Why not buy Life Annuities?

### What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

### What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

### What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

### What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

### When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

### When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

### If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

### What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

### Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

### Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

### How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

### What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

### What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

### What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **Permanence:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **Abundant Yield:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **Security:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **Freedom from Worry:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age, are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **Economy:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **Steady Income:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **Contribution to the Cause of Christ:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For further information write to

**PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,**  
**Care of THE SIGN,**  
**UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.**

